

THE METROPOLITAN.

MARCH 1833.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have always made it a rule to pay no attention to the various reports raised by interested parties relative to our Magazine; but as we find that their reports have now found their way into the public press, we consider it our duty to notice them. One report is, that the "Metropolitan Magazine" is about to be given up; the other, that it is about to be incorporated with the "New Monthly Magazine." We have only to assure our subscribers, that in both these reports there is not a shadow of foundation. Periodicals are ephemeral productions, but we hope to buzz as long as our neighbours; and the junction of the "Metropolitan" and "New Monthly" would be as uncomfortable a *lusus naturæ* as the Siamese twins.

We are sorry that, owing to the shortness of the month and the lateness of its arrival, we have not been enabled to insert in this number the "Recollections of a Diplomatist."

TO ORLOP.—It does not appear that Captain Cheap was ever tried by a court-martial for the loss of the *Wagner*. He was afterwards appointed to the *Lark*. The remainder of Orlop's queries will find an answer at p. 429, Vol. V., of "Charnock's Biographia Navalis."

We have received a letter from the proprietor of a Morning Paper. An answer is left for him at the Publishers', which we request he will send for.

Verses by J. will not suit us.

It is not worth our while to preserve, unless particularly requested, short communications that are rejected.

Very many returned contributions lie at our Publishers'.

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT DISCONTENTS.

Continued from p. 120.

BY A MEMBER OF THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT.

BUT in those changes which have been effected in our commercial system, in accordance with the crude theories of political economists, may be traced a far more prolific cause of national discontent, if not a more fertile source of national difficulty, than even the fluctuations of the currency have occasioned. The results of alterations of the circulating medium, though certain in themselves, and obvious to the capacities of the discerning few, are imperceptible and unknown to the undiscerning many. An extension of the circulation may enrich, or a contraction may impoverish an individual; his property may be increased, or it may be annihilated, yet he may remain altogether unconscious of the cause by which an effect has been produced so decisive on his fortunes. But if by admission of a foreign commodity to free competition with a domestic production, that production be either thrown out of consumption, or rendered profitless to the producer, he becomes sensible at once, not only of the ruin to which he is exposed, but of the immediate cause of the calamity under which he suffers. In such circumstances, it is not the general policy, however indisputable, of the change, that will reconcile him to the sacrifice he is called on to make to the interests of the community; indeed, as conclusions are reluctantly admitted that militate against our interests, the arguments in favour of such necessity are usually received with incredulous distrust by those who are its victims, while the public, who are the gainers, are seldom fully sensible of the advantage they have obtained. Hence, however politic or even unavoidable, such changes are generally unpopular. But if they be attempted in compliance with fanciful and untried theories—if their practical application be hasty and partial—if time be not afforded for the transfer of capital and industry to new channels of employment—if, in fine, their adoption divests the government of a paternal character, dispensing protection and stimulating affection, to present it under the aspect of a chilling philosophy, disregarding or undervaluing individual suffering in the pursuit of some speculative and doubtful good, can it be matter of surprise that dissatisfaction should ripen into exasperation? I have already adverted to the impossibility of entering, in this sketch, into a comprehensive critical analysis of all the financial and commercial changes to which, as I think, may be attributed (as prominent, though not exclusive causes) the existing discontents. But it would be an unworthy suppression of opinions, formed on deep and anxious reflection, and confirmed by close and extensive observation, were I not to declare my firm conviction that the application of the doctrines of free trade, partially, unjustly, and in practical ignorance, as that application has been made to particular interests, has done more both to impoverish the nation, and to produce a wide-spread and deep-

rooted alienation from the government, than any cause that has been in operation since the peace. Every sea-port of the empire execrates the anti-national policy : Spitalfields, Coventry, and Birmingham, echo the sentiment ; and from one extremity of the isle to the other, proprietors, and occupiers, and cultivators of the land, enquire with anxious and fearful solicitude, whether the British soil is to continue in tillage, or the nation is to seek its sustenance from more favoured climes.

Yet with all the unpopularity, among the mass of the people, that has attended the application of these doctrines, it cannot be denied that, enrolled among their advocates, is to be found a decided majority of the well-educated and studious portion of the community, the independent, the high-spirited, and the generous. This fact, however, though striking, is far from decisive. It is so manifestly obvious to unbiassed reflection, that the utmost freedom of reciprocal intercourse between nations, is the system best adapted to diffuse advantage and happiness among the great family of mankind, that it should occasion no surprise that men, who in the retirement of the closet, view the world only through the medium of their own general abstractions, should be ignorant of the difficulties interposed to the application of their theories by the actual structure and organization of society ; or that projects based on the foundation of principles of broad and expansive liberality, should find ready reception in the breast of retired and theoretic philanthropy. But in the practical affairs even of ordinary life, it is unfortunately too certain, that if the loftier aspirations of the heart be not controlled by considerations of a more homely character, the best intentions will often be frustrated, and the highest capabilities for effecting real good be in danger of evaporating in sentiment, or of being lost in the vain pursuit of unattainable perfection. And if such be the humiliating condition annexed to the exercise of the noblest feelings in relation to the prudent conduct of individual transactions, with tenfold force does it apply to the complex affairs and arrangements of nations. The variety with which the bounties of nature are distributed, in the endless diversity of soil, climate, and production—the various degrees of proficiency in general knowledge, and in acquaintance with those arts which contribute to the production of articles of necessity, convenience, and luxury—geographical and political lines of separation—these are of themselves sufficient to produce a conflict of desires and of interests almost irreconcilable. But, above all, the uncontrolled and irrepressible tendencies of our nature, infusing into all human affairs the influence of human frailty, and seeming to set at nought the sober deductions of reason, by exhibiting in every direction the wild ascendancy of contending passions—all appear to constitute fruitful sources of jealousy and rivalry, forbidding the contemplation of an effectual union of civilized states in the bonds of concord as one great family, except as a visionary and utopian dream. Were it not, indeed, that such an investigation would lead into too wide a field of digression, it might not perhaps be difficult to prove, that, constituted as human nature actually is, all the beneficial ends sought by the really philanthropic economist are most effectually subserved by the pursuit of its own interest on the part of each sepa-

rate state, precisely as the objects of the social compact are obtained in each community by a similar pursuit of his own interests on the part of each individual composing that community. In this sense we may pronounce with Pope, that "self-love and social are the same;" and all that seems to be required in the extension of his maxim to the affairs of nations is, that in the pursuit of particular advantage, no infraction of the great principles of religion, morality, or honour, should be tolerated in public transactions, which would not be sanctioned in the affairs of private life.

Such, however, being the seductive nature of the appeal to noble and generous minds, offered by propositions for an extension of freedom to the reciprocal intercourse of nations, and a correspondent odium attaching, however undeservedly, to those who defend the propriety of moderating the application of general principles by a cautious consideration for particular interests; no small degree of moral courage is requisite for the advocacy, however qualified, of adherence to a system denounced as antiquated, barbarous, and bigoted. Hence, in the British Parliament, as might be expected, the doctrines of free trade have been warmly espoused and irresolutely opposed—advocated with zeal by classic students and college disputants, and superficially examined by indolent country gentlemen, blind to the suicidal aid they were lending to their own destruction, or weakly admitted by legislators more practical and better informed, but too sensitive to endure the taunt of sarcasm, and too weak to encounter the sneer of ridicule. From these, and other causes combined, propositions for the abolition of restrictive regulations on commerce have long experienced in the British legislature a favourable reception:—but to the nation at large the question has presented itself under a very different aspect. The sacrifice of substantial advantage could not be rendered palatable by the plea of theoretic excellence; nor has the claim for submission to personal sacrifice for the general good appeared to be advanced with much consistency by an assembly, which, itself composed chiefly of landed proprietors, carefully exempted the produce of the soil from the operation of the changes it sanctioned and recommended. As, in the progression of the system, the touchstone of foreign competition has been in succession applied to different interests, each has in its turn shrunk from it with sensitive horror: nor can there, I think, be a doubt, that had its introduction been attempted on the only fair and defensible basis, that of general and impartial application, the universal acclamation of agriculturists and manufacturers, of ship-owners and traders, of capitalists, artisans, and labourers, would have silenced the sophistries of political economists, and at least have placed the march of improvement under the guidance of discretion. But theorizing statesmen have adopted a more wary, though a less manly, policy—attacking each interest in succession, and holding out the sacrifice of one as a boon to the remainder, each has in its turn thoughtlessly lent its aid to the subversion of the protection of its neighbour, unconscious that it was sharpening a weapon for its own destruction; and as each has become the victim of the experiment, it has blindly sought its indemnity in some fresh aggression, only to establish more

firmly the principles itself has deprecated. Meanwhile, in whatever direction the current of foreign competition has flowed, native capital and industry have been overwhelmed and ruined. If urged by the excitement, increased production has been stimulated, while the statesman has triumphantly exulted in his policy, and appealed to official returns as proof of its soundness; the capitalist, finding his enterprize unproductive of remuneration, has deprecated the delusion; and the labourer, sinking under the pressure of increased exaction, has cursed the system, which, while it has doubled his toil, has diminished its reward. Disguise it as we will, as it is obviously impossible that two prices should exist for the same commodity in the same market, the inevitable result of the establishment of one general market must be, the reduction of all similar commodities to the price of the lowest, and that nation must equally be enabled to offer its productions at the lowest price, whose capitalists are content with the smallest profit, and the wages of whose labourers approach most nearly to that wretched minimum at which existence alone can be sustained. The nation least advanced in civilization and comfort has thus the advantage in its sales, and the tendency of the system is one of continual and progressive depression. Even the strongest claims of suffering humanity must be disregarded, if these fatal principles be consistently followed out to their conclusion. Of this fact, a striking illustration was afforded during the last session of Parliament, in the decision of the House of Commons on the proposition for a bill to regulate the employment of children in factories. By the evidence adduced before a select committee, to which the question was referred, it was conclusively established that in the manufacturing districts children of tender years are habitually compelled to labour in confined and unhealthy buildings fourteen, and sometimes as much as seventeen hours in the day. Occasionally their toil is even continued, with little intermission, through the night, and when exhausted nature refuses further effort, she is stimulated to renewed exertion by severities, which, practised on infants, and for such an object, seem enough to stamp with indelible infamy the nation that can tolerate them even for a moment. Were it my object to conciliate feeling in favour of my argument by an appeal to human sympathies, how easily could I transcribe, from the pages before me,* affecting details of infant suffering sufficient to tinge every British cheek with the mingled glow of shame and indignation. The physical destruction of health, and beauty, and vigour, and life itself,—the moral pollution, the mental ignorance and incapacity engendered by this frightful system, would be eloquently and sufficiently displayed in the plain and melancholy recital of unadorned facts. But my appeal is to the judgment and not to the feelings, and I pronounce boldly that these atrocious deeds are not the casual and incidental evils that are inseparable from every system, but that they are part and parcel of the system of free trade, inevitable consequences of the unqualified application of its principles, and not to be remedied but by a con-

* Evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Factory Regulation Bill.

cession which would crumble the whole fabric of commercial policy to which our theorists so fondly cling, in ruins at their feet. This conviction it was, and this only, that led to the discreditable rejection, by a British House of Commons, of a bill designed and calculated to put an end to these atrocities. It was impossible for political economists to be blind to the fact, that the interference of the legislature, even at the call of humanity, with the forced exaction of the utmost quantity of labour which the physical frame would sustain, must justify and render indispensable to the manufacturer, protection against the free competition of the produce of foreign unshackled labour in the home market, and would hazard, to the destruction of all their cherished theories, the maintenance of a monopoly, to be gained by cheapness alone, in the general markets of the world; for nothing could be more clear, than that if the child at Manchester were restricted to twelve hours' labour in the day, while the labour of the child at Rouen was extended to eighteen hours, the British cotton produced by the former would, as far as the labour of children entered into its composition, cost one half more than the similar French cotton produced by the latter; and if the British manufacturer, deprived of his foreign market by this restrictive interposition, should urge, as he doubtless would urge, (and unanswerably too,) that as his disqualification for competition arose from a disability imposed on him by a state restriction, the state which possessed the power of regulating the terms of the domestic market was bound to protect him from foreign competition, at least to the extent to which it had incapacitated him from maintaining it; either such protection must be iniquitously withheld, and the sale of important manufactures suspended at home as well as abroad, or it must be conceded, and with the concession would be involved the admission of a principle, which, including disqualifications on the ground of policy as well as those demanded by humanity, would establish the right *to an extent of state protection equivalent to the proved amount of excess of expense of production caused by burthens and restrictions imposed by the state, beyond the similar expense incurred by competing nations.* But this excess exists in every department of our commerce, all which are borne down by an intolerable load of taxation, and oppressed by a host of incapacitating restrictions and impediments. These, at least, should have been first removed; but the admission, while they remained, of the foreigner to our markets, without adequate protection to British interests, appears equally at variance with justice, and policy—equally harsh, cruel, and ruinous. In this light it must, at all events, be admitted, have our commercial changes been almost universally felt; and while the interests of agriculture, commerce, and navigation have, in the progress of these changes, been artfully set in array against each other, the government has lost, with all, those affections which must cease with the cessation of its paternal character, and the opinions of all have concentrated at length in one common focus of discontent and distrust.

It was on the shipping interest that the experiment was first tried—that long cherished and important interest, whose claims to protection were founded alike in policy and justice, but whose feeble means of

support in Parliament seemed to invite attack, and to promise impunity. That some of the restrictions of our navigation system were invidious in their character, and some inoperative to their avowed object, was not to be denied, nor ought objections to have been made to a revision and amendment of these anomalies. That with the cessation of the monopoly of the carrying trade of the world, consequent on the return of peace, and the resumption of maritime commerce by the nations of the continent, difficulties must press on British navigation, was to be expected. These, however, British patience would have borne, and British spirit and enterprize doubtless surmounted. But with cruel disregard, and fatal impolicy, the very period when the fostering hand of protection was most required, was selected for a gratuitous aggravation of the distresses of the ship-owner, and with matchless injustice. While, in accordance with abstract theories, the protective portion of the British navigation system was invaded, its burthensome and restrictive enactments, which were equally repugnant to those theories, were retained. It would be beside the intention, and would lead beyond the limits of this essay, to enter into an elaborate investigation of all the merits of this, or any particular case, but as the shipping question has attracted no inconsiderable share of public attention, is much misunderstood, and has been very unfairly misrepresented, a brief review of its general bearings may not be deemed either inadmissible or inexpedient.

The experience derived from the earliest periods of British history, having established the intimate connexion of maritime power with insular security, and national safety being admitted to be of even greater importance than national opulence, the encouragement of an extensive commercial marine has for centuries been a leading object of British policy. But in the pursuit of this policy, the strict nationality of our commercial navy has been steadily kept in view; and the protection of other domestic interests carefully guarded in the extension of indulgences to navigation. Hence, while the ship-owner was secured in a monopoly of the coasting and colonial trades, and protected in various degrees in the foreign trade, by the regulations of our navigation laws, and the operation of discriminating duties, he was rigidly restricted in the construction and equipment of his ship to the use of costly articles of domestic production;* and in his navigation, to the employment of expensive native mariners;† the first for the advantage of the British timber grower, ship-builder, and manufacturer, with the numbers of artizans, labourers, and other individuals dependant on them—the latter, that a nursery for seamen might be maintained, from which a supply of active and experienced mariners for the national navy could at all periods be depended on. That these were objects of sound national policy, will scarcely, I think, be denied; nor, if disputed, is it at all necessary for my present argument, that I should demonstrate the wisdom of that policy. It must at all events be admitted, that in its maintenance, the ship-owner had no separate or peculiar interest distinct from, or superior

* Registry Act, 6 Geo. IV. c. 110. ss. 5, 6, 25, &c.

† Act for Encouragement, &c., 6 Geo. IV. c. 109. ss. 12, 18, 19, &c.

to that of the rest of the community. The protection, therefore, which he enjoyed, was no more than just, and (unless his destruction were sought) an indispensable equivalent for the restrictive disqualification imposed on him, which constituted an onerous and exclusive burthen on his pursuits. And if, in accordance with new views of national policy, his privileges were to be withdrawn, he had a right to expect, and to demand, the simultaneous abolition of his incapacitating restrictions. But his expectations have proved abortive, his demands have been refused, his complaints scorned. With a flagrant injustice, which, as far as I am aware, has no parallel even in the catalogue of inroads that have been made on domestic interests, protection has been entirely removed from British shipping, in some branches of the carrying trade, and the ship-owner is doomed to struggle in those trades in totally unassisted competition with the cheapest shipping in the world, while, with the exception of the remission of a few trifling duties, no relief whatever has been extended, by which the severity of such competition might be mitigated; and he is still, for the maintenance of the same exclusively national objects, fettered by the same restrictions, and compelled by law to build, equip, and navigate his ship, at a cost, in some instances, exceeding by one-half that of his competitor. That British navigation has not in these trades been entirely superseded by foreign shipping, is the result of circumstances into which it would lead to too lengthened an investigation were I to enter. The disastrous consequences however, have only stopped short of absolute annihilation. Instead of the increased employment which the demands of a rapidly increasing population ought to have ensured, British tonnage has declined in quantity, while the inevitable depression of freights to the cheap foreign level, caused by free competition, has not merely rendered unproductive the capital embarked in shipping engaged in the trades which have been opened to that competition, but has produced a correspondent depression in every other branch of the foreign carrying trade. Thus, Baltic freights, becoming unremunerative, the better class of ships are removed into the West India trade, already sufficiently supplied—West India freights decline, and the tonnage, rendered redundant, the surplus is forced into the East India trade, depressing its returns in like manner; while new ships, being absolutely indispensable for some employments, building to a certain extent is unavoidably continued, and the supply thus exceeding the effectual demand, the surplus consisting of old ships, adapted only for the timber trade, is checked in that trade by foreign competition, and forced into perpetual pressure on the other branches of navigation. In this manner, subjected with Egyptian cruelty to the full exaction of the tale of bricks, while the supply of straw is most unjustly denied, have the ship-owners, for some years, revolved in one continuous circle of difficulty and distress. That they are discontented, can excite no surprise; but it is not to be denied, that feelings of a more bitter description have been engendered by the circumstances that have attended those changes they have so earnestly deprecated, and so vainly resisted. Opposed only by enlightened and liberal men, if regret had been felt for the conclusions to which they arrived, re-

spect for their character would have prevented rancour, and confidence in their intentions would have inspired the hope that when experience should have demonstrated error, candour would have made the acknowledgment, and justice proffered the redress. Such were the sentiments, which among the more liberal portion of the ship-owners tempered the feelings of resentment and alarm, which the early measures by which British navigation was assailed, were calculated to excite. Such, I feel, I ought to avow, were in the main, the views I ever entertained with respect to Mr. Huskisson. Satisfied, that notwithstanding his eminent talents, and his profound acquaintance with commercial details, he was greatly in error in the application of his principles to the interests of British navigation, and that his practical conclusions on this subject were at variance with the premises on which they assumed to be founded, I ever entertained the strongest assurance that his intelligent perspicuity would discover his errors, his manly spirit avow them, and his powerful mind devise the means of averting their destructive consequences. And I seize with gladness this opportunity for declaring my conviction, that while to the nation at large, his melancholy fate was a public calamity, the ship-owner, by whom I am aware he was generally regarded with the greatest distrust, sustained in his death, at the particular juncture at which it occurred, a fatal and irretrievable loss.

This frank acknowledgment I feel I owe to the memory of one of the most able statesmen of recent times. Unhappily he was surrounded by men of far stronger opinions, guided by far weaker judgments; and in the tone and character of many recent propositions for commercial changes, it is difficult to discover any traces of that prudence that should inspire confidence, or that consideration for differing opinions which alone can ensure respect. It is this total disregard of public feeling which has, even more than the absolute evil inflicted, stimulated the discontent, the causes of which I am endeavouring to trace. In the course of the parliamentary discussions by which the introduction of free trade measures has been accompanied, the arrogant assumptions of the men of the Schools, their dictatorial pretensions to infallibility of judgment, their contemptuous disregard of the opinions of practical men, have created as much disgust, as the failure of their exaggerated predictions has provoked contempt; while their unfair perversion of official documents to support a case, has excited feelings of a more bitter description. Why, it has been asked, should the dearest interests of individuals and classes be sacrificed to the confident predictions of a theoretic philosophy? What philosophical dogma has not, in its turn, advanced claims to unerring correctness, however refuted by subsequent experience? And why should the best interests of the country be submitted to the gambling hazard of whether a speculative notion be well or ill founded? These are the questions that have presented themselves to the victims of our commercial changes, and the result of many of them has too fatally evinced the propriety of the distrust; but without insisting further on the impolicy of a pertinacious and unqualified application of the principles of free trade to the actually existing state of British commercial relations, it can scarcely be

denied that the attempt has proved eminently unpopular, and that this unpopularity identifies it with the causes of the existing discontents. It seems, indeed, unaccountable that the various administrations, to whose charge, during the last seventeen years, the destinies of the country have in succession been confided, should have so completely overlooked the importance of pursuing a conciliatory and satisfying course—that all should so lightly have estimated the alienation of the confidence and affection of the people, when weighed against the maintenance of some favourite dogma—and especially, that those who in political questions are ever inculcating the propriety of compliance with the popular voice, should, in a case so calculated to excite popular feeling, have so entirely disregarded its loudly expressed opinion. It would be difficult, in the history of legislation, to find an instance of changes so important, effected with so little demand for their adoption through the usual medium of parliamentary petitions. With the exception of the celebrated petition from certain merchants of London, which, from the insidious purposes to which it has been applied, has been deeply regretted by some of the eminent individuals who were incautiously induced to give it the influence of their names, there is not the shadow of pretence for the plea, that the miscalled system of free trade has been adopted in compliance with the expressed wish of the people of England. The experiment must, on the contrary, whatever its benefits or disadvantages, be admitted to have been made in direct opposition to those wishes, and only in accordance with the claim of the political economists to a monopoly of sagacity and judgment. Adopted, too, in defiance of all practical authority, which was contumeliously rejected, it has been forced into operation amid suspicion and distrust, and increased distress having actually followed its application, it has, whether justly or not, been rendered responsible for that distress as a consequence, and dissatisfaction has, as might be expected, followed closely in its train.

(To be continued.)

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

PREVIOUS to resuming our subject we have an act of justice to perform, upon which we cheerfully enter. It is to retract on a point on which we have been misinformed, and have unwillingly hurt the feelings of a brother officer. In one of our former papers we laid the odium of the construction of the small class seventy-four gun-ships, known by the sobriquet of the Forty Thieves, upon the late surveyor of the navy, Sir Henry Peake, and as to his draught they are ascribed in the books of the late Navy Board, it is but natural that we should have fallen into the error. From a letter received from Captain Peake, we have been made acquainted with the real facts attending the construction of these vessels, which facts we will now lay before the reader.

In June 1806, Sir Henry Peake, then Mr. Peake, was appointed Surveyor of the Navy, in the room of Sir John Henslow, and jointly with Sir William Rule, the Right Hon. Charles Grey, now Earl Grey, being the First Lord of the Admiralty. In August 1806, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty directed lines to be prepared for building a class of seventy-four gun-ships, and in consequence both of the surveyors prepared and submitted their drawings *separately* for their lordships' approval. The following were the dimensions:—

Sir William Rule.		Mr. Peake.	
	Ft. In.		Ft. In.
Length of deck	174 11	Length of decks	176 0
Breadth extreme	47 6	Breadth extreme	48 0
Depth of hold	20 8	Depth of hold	21 3
Height of midship ports as } per draft }	5 8	Height of midship ports as } per draft }	6 0
Tonnage	1717	Tonnage	1766

In submitting the above, Mr. Peake expressly stated to their lordships, that from the known good character of the French *Courageux*, he had prepared his drawing, disclaiming therefore any merit which it might be found to possess.

Now, we have already mentioned in our former papers, that the French *Courageux* was one of the finest models in our service, and therefore if Mr. Peake made this proposal, and we have no doubt but that such was the case, so far from any *odium* being attached to him, he deserved the *greatest credit*.

It further appears, by the statement of Captain Peake, that the drawings of the joint surveyors were returned by their lordships, with directions for them to construct another *jointly* according to *dimensions* laid down by the *Board of Admiralty*. This ridiculous order was complied with, and from those dimensions was built the class of vessels known officially as the surveyor's class. This occurred in September 1806, and the dimensions were as follow:—

Surveyors' joint draft.

	Pt.	In.
Length of deck	176	0
Breadth extreme	47	6
Depth of hold	21	0
Height of midship ports as per draft	6	0
Tonnage	1717	

We could hardly have imagined that a Board of Admiralty could have been so ignorant or so presumptuous, as to demand the surveyors of the navy to build vessels, thus crippling their construction, and compromising the whole lines, to meet their own embryo ideas. The only blame which can be thrown upon the two surveyors, is their having submitted to such interference, when they ought to have tendered their resignations, rather than have run the risk of thus injuring their reputations. Had not Captain Peake been in existence to explain this scene behind the curtain, the odium must have remained upon his father's memory, as indeed it does still in the records of the Navy Board. Our present premier, Lord Grey, held the office of First Lord of the Admiralty at the time. To him, therefore, and his co-adjutors, must we lay the disgrace of the "*Forty Thieves*," and having now, we trust, done justice to all parties, we shall proceed with our examination of the frigates and smaller classes of vessels in his Majesty's service.

At the commencement of the war in 1792, we had not a frigate-built ship of eleven hundred tons burthen in our navy. We had, however, three *raséed* sixty-four gunships, the names of which were as follows :—

Names.	Tonnage.	When built.	By whom.
Magnanime	1370	1780	Sir T. Williams.
Anson	1375	1781	Ditto.
Indefatigable	1384	1784	Sir T. Slade.

In the year 1806, the period we have before selected as the fairest for comparison, the French, as we have shown in our examination of the two-decked ships, had again pointed out to us the advantage of increasing the scantling of every class of vessels; yet by a reference to the books of the Navy Board, we shall find at that period we had but the following four frigate-built vessels in our service, which were of a burthen above eleven hundred tons.

English built Frigates above Eleven Hundred Tons Burthen.

Names.	Tonnage.	When built.	By whom.
1. Cambrian	1160	1797	Sir J. Henslow.
2. Acarta	1142	1797	Sir William Rule.
3. Endymion	1239	1797	Copied from French Pomone.
4. Forte	1148	—	Copied from French Revolutionaire.

These four were the only English-built frigates in our service above eleven hundred tons in burthen in the year 1806, and none of these were laid down until we had captured the models from the enemy :

for it will be perceived by the following list, that the Pomone, Revolutionaire, and Minerve, were taken previous to the year 1797, when the above English vessels were laid down.

List of Frigates of above Eleven Hundred Tons burthen, captured from the French and other nations, from the commencement of the war of 1792 to the year 1806.

Names.	Tonnage.	When captured.	From whom.
1. La Pomone	1239	1724	French.
2. Revolutionaire	1148	1794	ditto.
3. Minerve	1102	1795	ditto.
4. Uranie (French Tortu)	1100	1797	ditto.
5. Fisgard	1182	1797	ditto.
6. Seine	1146	1798	ditto.
7. Loire	1100	1798	ditto.
8. Imperieuse (was Amphitrite) } Taken to pieces in 1805. }	1183	1799	Dutch.
9. Niobe (was Diane)	1142	1800	French.
10. Egyptienne	1434	1801	ditto.
11. Surveillante	1235	1803	ditto.
12. Clorinde	1376	1803	ditto.
13. Vertu	1245	1803	ditto.
14. Gloire	1153	1806	ditto.
15. Immortalite (French Indefatigable)	1157	1806	ditto.
16. Armide	1104	1806	ditto.
17. Alceste (French Minerve)	1101	1806	ditto.
18. Presidente	1152	1806	ditto.

We had then, in 1806, eighteen large frigates captured from the enemy, and only four built in our own yards of similar dimensions; but at the same time we must do justice to our builders, and state, that although our own frigates were not of so large a scantling, we had as fine models among our thirty-eight gun frigates as were ever produced by the French builders. The total number of the frigates in our service of thirty-eight guns and upwards, which appear on the books of the Navy Board in the year 1806, are seventy-six, of which thirty-six were English built, and *forty* were captured from the enemy.

The French Hebe, afterwards named the Blonde, was the parent model of some of our finest frigates. She was copied in the Leda, Pomone, Shannon, and Leonidas, and her reduced lines were taken for the construction of several of our best frigates of thirty-six guns. But the Lively, built by Sir William Rule, was perhaps the best model of her class in the service; she was copied in the following vessels;

Resistance	Undaunted	Statira	Spartan
Hussar	Apollo	Horatio.	

The next class of frigates in our service in 1806, to which we shall refer, are those of thirty-six guns; a more active, useful description of vessels was never built. The sailing of some of them was remarkable. The *Trent*, built of fir, by Sir William Rule, if reports are true, was of a speed unparalleled. Of this class, the total number on the books in 1806, were sixty-five, of which twenty-one had been captured from the enemy. The favourite models were the

Phoenix, built by Edward Hunt, Esq., from the lines of which vessel were produced the

Inconstant	Drvad	Doris	Iphigenia
Tribune	Pallas	Meleager	Salsette.

And the Euryalus, built by Sir William Rule, and copied in the

Semiramis	Curocoa	Hotspur	Havannah
Saldanha	Owen Glendower	Manilla	Malacca.

The number of thirty-two gun frigates on the list of 1806, amount to eighty-four, of which nineteen were captured from the enemy. These also were a fine class of vessels, and did good service. There is a strange variety of tonnage on this list, owing to the French ships being incorporated with it. It is rather singular that the two most favourite models among them should have both been captured and re-captured from the enemy. The first was the Old Thames, built by William Bately, Esq., which was re-captured in 1796. From her lines were built the

Ceres	Pallas	Hebe	Minerva
Jason	Medea	Thames	Alexandria.

The second was the old Ambuscade, built by Sir T. Williams, which may be said to have been the most prolific three-masted vessel in the service; she was retaken in 1803. From her lines were built the following vessels:

Cleopatra	Andromeda	Aquilon	Castor
Blonde	Greyhound	Iphigenia	Lowestoffe
Juno	Iris	Meleager	Orpheus
Siren	Solebay	Success	Terpsichore.

The old Active was also a favourite model, and was reproduced in the

Astrea	Ceres	Dædalus
Fox	Mermaid	Quebec.

We shall conclude our remarks upon the frigates, by observing, that in this class of vessels our builders fairly competed with the French. The French certainly built them of larger scantling long before we did, but in every other point except stability, in which a vessel was valuable, whether for speed, buoyancy, or working quickly, our frigates were fully equal to those of the same dimensions built by the French.

We now come to a class of vessels or rather a most heterogeneous mixture, at the time to which we refer; for almost every vessel captured from the enemy was purchased into the service and fitted out. They certainly are, to a certain degree, classed as twenty-eights, twenty-sixes, twenty-fours, and twenty-twos; but the tonnage has no relation whatever to the number of guns with which they were armed. There was, however, among them, a very superior description of vessel, denominated twenty-eight gun-ships, of which the old Enterprise may be said to have been the common parent. These vessels were 120 feet long, and about 600 tons burthen, carried long nines on the main deck, and long sixes on the quarter deck and fore-castle. They were fine vessels, and capable of good service, but

they have disappeared altogether; and the only vessels which we now recognize as twenty-eight-gun ships are a disgrace to the service, and we trust that they also will soon disappear. That they are, generally speaking, good sea-boats, we acknowledge; and so are most merchant vessels, if not too heavily laden; but they have no other good property, and as men-of-war, can only entail defeat and disgrace upon the captains who command them. They cannot sail, and have not therefore the miserable option of avoiding a combat. They are fitted with carronades, which leaves them at the mercy of any vessel, however small, which sails well, and has a long gun mounted, as she can choose her distance, and riddle these unfortunate vessels to pieces, without their being able to reach them with their carronades. In smooth water and light winds, an American schooner, with a long gun, swivel mounted, might cut up one of these vessels without a chance of retaliation, leaving her dismasted, and with the major part of her crew killed and wounded. This is an error in our service which ought to be immediately remedied. It has been long persevered in from the *Tory* system of *patronage*. A certain number of men being voted for the naval service of each year, the government, that they might increase their patronage as much as possible, not only employed, but continued to build, this infamous class of vessels; which, not requiring but half the compliment of a frigate to man them, enabled the First Lord of the Admiralty to appoint a larger number of captains and officers, and thereby oblige the supporters of the administration. But it was not only by continuing in the service this class of vessels, (the smallest to which a post captain could be appointed,) but also the employment and building of the ten-gun brigs, (the smallest class of vessel to which a commander can be appointed,) that the former administration proved themselves indifferent to the real interests of the country, in their attempts to uphold a system, which, we trust, will for the future be discontinued.

Of the ship sloops we shall say but little. The list of 1806 contains the enormous number of 180, of every variety of length and tonnage. Of these, forty or fifty were captured from the French, and among them will be found the best models. Of those built in the English yards, the copies of the old *Merlin* were the best; but those which were built of cedar, at Bermuda, as the *Indian*, *Morgiana*, &c. were superior in stability and other good qualities to all the others. Several were laid down in 1813-14 from the lines of the French *Bonne Citoyenne*, but by some mistake they proved complete failures, and most of them were obliged to be *doubled* to be made sea worthy. But as we do not consider that there were a dozen good vessels among the whole class, being all deficient in breadth of beam, we shall dismiss them, and proceed to the eighteen-gun brigs, a class of vessels no longer in existence, but we trust soon to be restored to his Majesty's service.

We have stated, that our builders could fairly compete with the French in the building of small frigates, and we now add, that the eighteen-gun brigs may be said to be peculiarly English, and that none of the French flush vessels ever combined so many good points as in the model of the Cruiser, the parent of all the fine vessels of the

above class. The Cruiser was built by Sir William Rule, in 1797. Her dimensions were as follow :—

	Ft.	In.		Ft.	In.
Length of gun-deck . . .	100	0	Light draught of water afore . .	7	6
Keel for tonnage . . .	77	3	Do. abaft, with seven tons of bal-		
Breadth extreme . . .	30	7	last	11	2
Depth	12	9	Tons	384	

From the lines of this vessel were constructed fifty-seven other eighteen-gun brigs. We do not give their names, as they would only swell our pages, and as it may at once be said that the whole class were built from her model. A more beautiful and efficient description of small craft never was launched; and their activity during the late war, is but too well known and recorded. Who was the party, that, mistaking innovation for improvement, suggested the fitting them as ship corvettes we know not, if we did we would most assuredly *show him up*. The advice was unfortunately attended to, and it was soon found that most of their valuable properties were destroyed by the alteration. We have, however, reason to believe, that the present admiralty intend to restore them to their former efficiency; if they do, they will obtain the gratitude of the navy.

Of the other varieties of small craft we shall not at present enter into an examination. Schooners we never could manage, they are a class of vessels peculiarly American. Our cutters are, some of them, fine fast vessels, and we think that great attention should be paid to their building and improvement. We do not, however, intend to pass over in silence the ten-gun brigs now in such general employment. Sir Henry Peake is the surveyor to whom the building of this class of vessel is ascribed.* As we have already been in error on one occasion, when speaking of this gentleman, we must be careful in not making the assertion unqualified; we can only say that it is so stated in the archives of the Navy Board, and leave the statement open to contradiction. We have heard it asserted in defence of these vessels, that they were never intended to be laden so deep as they have been by the Navy Board, who, in the rigging and fitting warrants, apportioned to their outfit a supply of stores quite absurd, and the weight of which brought them down in the water below their bearings. Any one who had any dealings with the defunct Navy Board, must know that all appeal against their regulations or directions, however that

* Captain Peake has favoured us with the following statement relative to the building of ten-gun brigs. "They were constructed by the late Sir Henry Peake, for the *home station*, by order of the Board of Admiralty, to supersede the gun brigs; they were to be commanded by a lieutenant, with a complement of sixty men, to carry only six weeks provisions, to have but one spare topmast, one topsail yard and topsail, with stores in proportion. Instead of adhering to the projector's plan of equipment, they were commissioned by a commander, with a sloop of war's proportion of all grades of officers, seventy-five men and six boys. Instead of remaining on the Channel Service, they were ordered to all parts of the globe. The increased quantity of men, stores, and provisions, to enable them to effect this object, made them any thing but what they were originally intended." Captain Peake further states, that those built subsequently, after the first models, from the increase of wood, and iron fastenings, weighed thirty tons heavier than those constructed by Sir Henry Peake. Our own remarks corroborate the assertions of Captain Peake, but we cannot allow, even if they were sailed as light as proposed by his father, that they had sufficient beam. The fact is, they were built for *patronage*, and certainly have, one way or the other, *provided* for many.

appeal might be founded on common sense, was in vain. We ourselves, in one of these ten-gun brigs, were so overloaded with stores, in spite of remonstrance, that the unfortunate vessel very narrowly escaped going down by the head, before she ran through the needles, when bound to the Cape of Good Hope. What chance she ever had of arriving there, we leave the reader to guess. Fortunately this did occur previous to our entering the Atlantic ocean, and on our return to explain our condition, the admiral directed all the extra stores to be taken out, by which means and the blessing of God, we contrived to keep above water. It has also been stated, that these vessels were never intended to brave the Atlantic, but for channel service, with a port under their lee in case of bad weather. Now, in the first place, we know no part of the world where a sailor can enjoy more bad weather than in the English channel; and in the second, a port under your lee, depends very much upon the quarter from which the wind may blow. These vessels are certainly pretty models, but we doubt if they are good models; they are too narrow for flush vessels. However, whether they are good models or not, this is certain, that they constantly go down; the following is a list of those which have already foundered in various parts of the world.

Bermuda
Drake
Parthian
Ariel
Algerine
Myrtle
Recruit

Briseis
Jasper
Redpole
Delight
Hearty
Cynthia

Now in these vessels, about one thousand of our officers and seamen found a watery grave; and yet, with these facts before their eyes, the late Board of Admiralty continued to build them. They certainly were to *them* most invaluable, as they not only increased their patronage, but by occasionally going down with the officers, they to a certain extent reduced the number of claimants. It would be hardly credited, that 107 of these brigs have been built, out of which seventy-six were constructed *since the termination of the war*, an evident proof that they were employed on account of the increase of patronage which they afforded, for there are plenty of *larger* flush vessels lying up in ordinary, so as to render such an extra expense in building new vessels quite unnecessary. We have now, (at least we suppose we have, for there is no certainty of the return of a ten-gun brig,) seventy-seven of these vessels remaining; and at the time that the present Admiralty came into office, there were others on the stocks. Much to the credit of the advisers of Sir James Graham, the building of these vessels has been countermanded; twenty-eight of them are employed as packets, some of them have been converted into steam vessels, and we have no doubt but that in a few years, with due respect to economy at the same time, this unserviceable and dangerous class of vessels will disappear from his Majesty's service.

We have now taken a general and summary survey of the English navy, as it was in the year 1806; in our next paper we shall inquire into the improvements which have taken place since the period from which we have dated and commenced our examination.

appeal might be founded on common sense, was in vain. The one
 selves, in one of these ten-gun boats, were so overloaded with stores, in
 spite of remonstrance, that the unfortunate vessel very narrowly escaped
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PETER SIMPLE.

AND now I have to narrate an event, which, young as I was at the
 time, will be found to have seriously affected me in after life. How
 little do we know what to-morrow may bring forth! We had regained
 our station, and for some days had been standing off and on the coast,
 when one morning at day break, we found ourselves about four miles
 from the town of Cette, and a large convoy of vessels coming round a
 point. We made all sail in chase, and they anchored close in shore,
 under a battery, which we did not discover until it opened fire upon
 us. The shot struck the frigate two or three times, for the water was
 smooth, and the battery nearly level with it. The captain tacked the
 ship, and stood out again until the boats were hoisted out, and all ready
 to pull on shore and storm the battery. O'Brien, who was the officer
 commanding the first cutter on service, was in his boat, and I again
 obtained permission from him to smuggle myself into it.

"Now, Peter, let's see what kind of a fish you'll bring on board this
 time," said he, after we had shoved off; "or may be the fish will not
 let you off quite so easy." The men in the boat all laughed at this,
 and I replied, "that I must be more seriously wounded than I was
 last time, to be made a prisoner. We ran on shore, amidst the fire of
 the gun boats, who protected the convoy, by which we lost three
 men, and made for the battery, which we took without opposition, the
 French artillery-men running out as we ran in. The directions of
 the captain were very positive, not to remain in the battery a minute
 after it was taken, but to board the gun-boats, leaving only one of the
 small boats, with the armourer to spike the guns, for the captain was
 aware that there were troops stationed along the coast, who might come
 down upon us and beat us off. The first lieutenant, who commanded,
 desired O'Brien to remain with the first cutter, and after the armourer
 had spiked the guns, the officer of the boat was to shove off immediately.
 O'Brien and I remained in the battery with the armourer, the boat's
 crew being ordered down to the boat, to keep her afloat, and ready to
 shove off at a moment's warning. We had spiked all the guns but one,
 when all of a sudden a volley of musketry was poured upon us, which
 killed the armourer, and wounded me in the leg above the knee. I
 fell down by O'Brien, who cried out, "By the powers, here they are,
 and one gun not spiked." He jumped down, wrenched the hammer
 from the armourer's hand, and seizing a nail from the bag, in a few
 moments he had spiked the gun. At this time I heard the tramping
 of the French soldiers advancing, when O'Brien threw away the
 hammer, and lifting me upon his shoulders, cried, "Come along,
 Peter, my boy," and made for the boat as fast as he could; but he
 was too late, he had not got half way to the boat, before he was
 collared by two French soldiers, and dragged back into the battery.
 The French troops then advanced, and kept up a smart fire; our
 cutter escaped, and joined the other boats, who had captured the gun-

, Continued from p. 213.

boats and convoy with little opposition. Our large boats had carro-nades mounted in their bows, and soon returned the fire with round and grape, which drove the French troops back into the battery, where they remained, popping at our men under cover, until most of the vessels were taken out: those which they could not man were burnt. In the mean time, O'Brien had been taken into the battery, with me on his back; but as soon as he was there, he laid me gently down, saying, "Peter, my boy, as long as you were under my charge, I'd carry you through thick and thin, but now that you are under the charge of these French beggars, why let them carry you. Every man his own bundle, Peter, that's fair play; so if they think you're worth the carrying, let them bear the weight of ye."

"And suppose that they do not, O'Brien, will you leave me here?"

"Will I lave you, Peter! not if I can help it, my boy; but they won't leave you, never fear them; prisoners are so scarce with them that they would not leave the captain's monkey, if he were taken."

As soon as our boats were clear of their musketry, the commanding officer of the French troops examined the guns in the battery, with the hope of reaching them, and was very much annoyed to find that every one of them was spiked. "He'll look sharper than a magpie before he finds a clear touchhole, I expect," said O'Brien, as he watched the officer. And here I must observe, that O'Brien shewed great presence of mind in spiking the last gun, for had they had one gun to fire at our boats towing out the prizes, they must have done a great deal of mischief to them, and we should have lost a great many men; but in so doing, and in the attempt to save me, he sacrificed himself, and was taken prisoner. When the troops ceased firing, the commanding officer came up to O'Brien, and looking at him, said, "Officer;" to which O'Brien nodded his head. He then pointed to me—"Officer;" O'Brien nodded his head again, at which the French troops laughed, as O'Brien told me afterwards, because I was what they called an *enfant*, which means an infant. I was very stiff, and faint, and could not walk. The officer who commanded the troops left a detachment in the battery, and prepared to return to Cette, from whence they came. O'Brien walked, and I was carried on three muskets by six of the French soldiers—not a very pleasant conveyance at any time, but in my state excessively painful. However, I must say, that they were very kind to me, and put a great coat or something under my wounded leg, for I was in an agony, and fainted several times. At last they brought me some water to drink. O how delicious it was! I have often thought since, when I have been in company, and people fond of good living have smacked their lips at their claret, that if they could only be wounded, and taste a cup of water, they would then know what it was to feel grateful. In about an hour and a half, which appeared to me to be five days at the least, we arrived at the town of Cette, and I was taken up to the house of the officer who commanded the troops, and who had often looked at me as I was carried there from the battery, saying "*Pauvre enfant!*" I was put on a bed, where I again fainted away. When I came to my senses, I found a surgeon had bandaged my leg, and that

I had been undressed. O'Brien was standing by me, and I believe that he had been crying, for he thought that I was dead. When I looked him in the face, he said, "Pater, you baste, how you frightened me; bad luck to me if ever I take charge of another youngster. What did you sham dead for?"

"I am better now, O'Brien," replied I: "how much I am indebted to you; you have been made prisoner in trying to save me."

"I have been made prisoner in doing my duty, in one shape or another. If that fool of an armourer hadn't held his hammer so tight after he was dead, and it was of no use to him, I should have been clear enough, and so would you have been: but however, all this is nothing at all, Peter; as far as I can see, the life of a man consists in getting into scrapes, and getting out of them. By the blessing of God, we've managed the first, and by the blessing of God, we'll manage the second also; so be smart, my honey, and get well, for although a man may escape by running away on two legs, I never heard of a boy who hopped out of a French prison upon one."

I squeezed the offered hand of O'Brien, and looked round me; the surgeon stood at one side of the bed, and the officer who commanded the troops at the other. At the head of the bed was a little girl, about twelve years old, who held a cup in her hand, out of which something had been poured down my throat. I looked at her, and she had such pity in her face, which was remarkably handsome, that she appeared to me as an angel, and I turned round, as well as I could, that I might look at her alone. She offered me the cup, which I should have refused from any one but her, and I drank a little. Another person then came into the room, and a conversation took place in French. "I wonder what they mean to do with us," said I to O'Brien.

"Whist, hold your tongue," replied he; and then he leaned over me, and said, in a whisper, "I understand all they say; don't you recollect, I told you that I learnt the language after I was kilt and buried in the sand, in South America?" After a little more conversation, the officer and the others retired, leaving nobody but the little girl and O'Brien in the room. "It's a message from the governor," said O'Brien, as soon as they were gone, "wishing the prisoners to be sent to the goal in the citadel, to be examined; and the officer says, (and he's a real gentleman, as far as I can judge,) that you're but a baby, and badly wounded in the bargain, and that it would be a shame not to leave you to die in peace; so I presume that I'll part company from you very soon."

"I hope not, O'Brien," replied I; "if you go to prison, I will go also, for I will not leave you, who are my best friend, to remain with strangers; I should not be half so happy, although I might have more comforts in my present situation."

"Pater, my boy, I'm glad to see that your heart is in the right place, as I always thought it was, or I wouldn't have taken you under my protection. We'll go together to prison, my jewel, and I'll fish at the bars with a bag and a long string, just by way of recreation, and to pick up a little money to buy you all manner of nice things; and when you get well, you shall do it yourself, mayhap you'll

have better luck, as Peter your namesake had, who was a fisherman, before you. There's twice as much room in one of the cells, as there is in a midshipman's berth, my boy; and the prison yards, where you are allowed to walk, will make a dozen quarter decks, and no need of touching your hat out of respect when you go into it. When a man has been cramped up on board of a man of war, where midshipmen are stowed away like pilchards in a cask, he finds himself quite at liberty in a prison, Peter. But somehow or another, I think we mayn't be parted yet, for I heard the officer, (who appears to be a real gentleman, and worthy to have been an Irishman born,) say to the other, that he'd ask the governor for me to stay with you on parole, until you are well again." The little girl handed me the lemonade, of which I drank a little, and then I felt very faint again. I laid my head on the pillow, and O'Brien having left off talking, I was soon in a comfortable sleep. In an hour I was awakened by the return of the officer, who was accompanied by the surgeon. The officer addressed O'Brien in French, who shook his head as before.

"Why don't you answer, O'Brien," said I, "since you understand him?"

"Peter, recollect that I cannot speak a word of their lingo; then I shall know what they say before us, and they won't mind what they say, supposing I do not understand them."

"But is that honest, O'Brien?"

"Is it honest, you mean? if I have a five pound note in my pocket, and don't choose to show it to every fellow that I meet—is that dishonest?"

"To be sure it's not."

"And a'n't that what the lawyers call a case in pint?"

"Well," replied I, "if you wish it, I shall of course say nothing; but I think that I should tell them, especially as they are so kind to us."

During this conversation, the officer occasionally spoke to the surgeon, at the same time eyeing us, I thought, very hard. Two other persons then came into the room; one of them addressed O'Brien in very bad English, saying, that he was interpreter, and would beg him to answer a few questions. He then inquired the name of our ship, number of guns, and how long we had been cruising. After that, the force of the English fleet, and a great many other questions relative to them; all of which were put in French by the person who came with him, and the answers translated, and taken down in a book. Some of the questions O'Brien answered correctly, to others he pleaded ignorance; and to some, he asserted what was not true. But I did not blame him for that, as it was his duty not to give information to the enemy. At last they asked my name, and rank, which O'Brien told them. "Was I noble?"

"Yes," replied O'Brien.

"Don't say so, O'Brien," interrupted I.

"Peter, you know nothing about it, you are grandson to a lord."

"I know that, but still I am not noble myself, although descended from him; therefore pray don't say so."

"Bother! Peter, I have said it, and I won't unsay it; besides,

Peter, recollect it's a French question, and in France you would be considered noble. At all events, it can do no harm."

"I feel too ill to talk, O'Brien; but I wish you had not said so."

They then inquired O'Brien's name, which he told them; his rank in the service, and also, whether he was noble.

"I am an O'Brien," replied he; "and pray what's the meaning of the O before my name, if I'm not noble; however, Mr. Interpreter, you may add, that we have dropped our title because it's not convenient." The French officer burst out into a loud laugh, which surprised us very much. The interpreter had great difficulty in explaining what O'Brien said; but as O'Brien told me afterwards, the answer was put down *doubtful*.

They all left the room except the officer, who then, to our astonishment, addressed us in good English, "Gentlemen, I have obtained permission from the governor for you to remain in my house, until Mr. Simple is recovered. Mr. O'Brien, it is necessary that I should receive your parole of honour, that you will not attempt to escape. Are you willing to give it?"

O'Brien was quite amazed; "murder an' Irish," cried he; "so you speak English, colonel. It was not very genteel of you not to say so, considering how we've been talking our little secrets together."

"Certainly, Mr. O'Brien, not more necessary," replied the officer, smiling, "than for you to tell me that you understood French."

"O bother!" cried O'Brien, "how nicely I'm caught in my own trap! You're an Irishman, sure?"

"I am of Irish descent," replied the officer, "and my name, as well as yours, is O'Brien. I was brought up in this country, not being permitted to serve my own, and retain the religion of my forefathers. I may now be considered as a Frenchman, retaining nothing of my original country, except the language, which my mother taught me, and a warm feeling towards the English whenever I meet them. But to the question, Mr. O'Brien; will you give your parole?"

"The word of an Irishman, and the hand to boot," replied O'Brien, shaking the colonel by the hand; "and you're more than doubly sure, for I'll never go away and leave little Peter here; and as for carrying him on my back, I've had enough of that already."

"It is sufficient," replied the colonel. "Mr. O'Brien, I will make you as comfortable as I can; and when you are tired of attending your friend, my little daughter shall take your place. You'll find her a kind little nurse, Mr. Simple." I could not refrain from tears at the colonel's kindness; he shook me by the hand, and telling O'Brien that dinner was ready, he called up his daughter, the little girl who had attended me before, and desired her to remain in the room. "Celeste," said he, "you understand a little English; quite enough to find out what he is in want of. Go and fetch your work, to amuse yourself when he is asleep." Celeste went out, and returning with her embroidery, sat down by the head of the bed: the colonel and O'Brien then quitted the room. Celeste commenced her embroidery, and as her eyes were cast down upon her work, I was able to look at her without her observing it. As I said before, she was a very beautiful little girl; her hair was light brown, eyes very large, and

eyebrows drawn, as if with a pair of compasses ; her nose and mouth were also very pretty ; but it was not so much her features, as the expression of her countenance, which was so beautiful, so modest, and sweet, yet so intelligent. When she smiled, which she almost always did when she spoke, her teeth were like a row of little pearls.

I had not looked at her long, before she raised her eyes from her work, and perceiving that I was looking at her, said, "You want—something—want drink—I speak very little English."

"Nothing, I thank ye," replied I ; "I only want to go to sleep."

"Then—shut—your eye," replied she, smiling ; and she went to the window, and drew down the blinds to darken the room. But I could not sleep ; the remembrance of what had occurred—in a few hours wounded, and a prisoner—the thought of my father's and mother's anxiety ; with the prospect of going to a prison and close confinement, as soon as I was recovered, passed in succession in my mind, and, together with the actual pain of my wound, prevented me from obtaining any rest. The little girl several times opened the curtain to ascertain whether I slept, or wanted any thing, and then as softly retired. In the evening the surgeon called again ; he felt my pulse, and directing cold applications to my leg, which had swelled considerably, and was becoming very painful, told Colonel O'Brien, that although I had considerable fever, that I was doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. But I shall not dwell upon my severe suffering for a fortnight, after which the ball was extracted ; nor upon how carefully I was watched by O'Brien, the colonel, and little Celeste, during my peevishness and irritation, arising from pain and fever. I felt grateful to them, but particularly to Celeste, who seldom quitted me for more than half an hour ; and as I gradually recovered, tried all she could to amuse me.

As soon as I was well enough to attend to her, we became very intimate, as might be expected. Our chief employment was teaching each other French and English. Having the advantage of me in knowing a little before we met, and also being much quicker of comprehension, she very soon began to talk English fluently, long before I could make out a short sentence in French. However, as it was our chief employment, and both were anxious to communicate with each other, I learnt it very fast. In five weeks I was out of bed, and could limp about the room ; and before two months were over, I was quite recovered. The colonel, however, would not report me to the governor ; I kept on a sofa during the day, but at dusk I stole out of the house and walked about with Celeste. I never passed such a happy time as the last fortnight ; the only drawback was the remembrance that I should soon have to exchange it for a prison. I was more easy about my father and mother, as O'Brien had written to them, assuring them that I was doing well ; and besides, a few days after our capture, the frigate had run in, and sent a flag of truce to inquire if we were alive or made prisoners ; at the same time Captain Savage sent on shore all our clothes, and two hundred dollars in cash for our use. I knew that even if O'Brien's letter did not reach them, they were sure to hear from Captain Savage that I was doing well. But the idea of parting with Celeste, towards whom I felt such gratitude and affec-

tion, was most painful; and when I talked about it, poor Celeste would cry so much, that I could not help joining her, although I kissed away her tears. At the end of twelve weeks, the surgeon could no longer withhold his report, and we were ordered to be ready in two days to march to Toulon, where we were to join another party of English prisoners, to proceed with them into the interior. I must pass over our parting, which the reader may imagine was very painful. I promised to write to Celeste, and she promised that she would answer my letters, if it were permitted. We shook hands with Colonel O'Brien, thanking him for his kindness, and, much to his regret, we were taken in charge by two French cuirassiers, who were waiting at the door. As we preferred being continued on parole until our arrival at Toulon, the soldiers were not at all particular about watching us; and we set off on horseback, O'Brien and I going first, and the French cuirassiers following us in the rear.

We trotted, or walked, along the road very comfortably. The weather was delightful; we were in high spirits, and almost forgot that we were prisoners. The cuirassiers followed us at a distance of twenty yards, conversing with each other, and O'Brien observed, that it was amazingly genteel of the French governor to provide us with two servants in such handsome liveries. The evening of the second day we arrived at Toulon, and as soon as we entered the gates we were delivered into the custody of an officer, with a very sinister cast of countenance, who, after some conversation with the cuirassiers, telling us in a surly tone that our parole was at an end, gave us in charge of a corporal's guard, with directions to conduct us to the prison near the Arsenal. We presented the cuirassiers with four dollars each, for their civility, and were then hurried away to our place of captivity. I observed to O'Brien, that I was afraid that we must now bid farewell to any thing like pleasure. "You're right there, Peter," replied he; "but there's a certain jewel called Hope, that somebody found at the bottom of his chest, when it was clean empty, and so we must not lose sight of it, but try and escape as soon as we can; but the less we talk about it the better." In a few minutes we arrived at our destination, the door was opened, ourselves and our bundles (for we had only selected a few things for our march, the colonel promising to forward the remainder as soon as we wrote to inform him to which depôt we were consigned) were rudely shoved in; and as the doors again closed, and the heavy bolts were shot, I felt a creeping, chilly sensation pass through my whole body.

As soon as we could see—for although the prison was not very dark, yet so suddenly thrown in, after the glare of a bright sun-shiny day, at first we could distinguish nothing—we found ourselves in company with about thirty English sailors. Most of them were sitting down on the pavement, or on boxes, or bundles containing their clothes that they had secured, conversing with each other, or playing at cards or draughts. Our entrance appeared to excite little attention; after having raised their eyes to indulge their curiosity, they continued their pursuits. I have often thought what a feeling of selfishness appeared to pervade through the whole of them. At the time I was shocked, as I expected immediate sympathy and commiseration;

but afterwards I was not surprised. Many of these poor fellows had been months in the prison, and a short confinement will produce that indifference to the misfortunes of others, which I then observed. Indeed, one man, who was playing at cards, looked up for a moment as we came in, and cried out, "Hurrah, my lads! the more the merrier," as if he really was pleased to find that there were others who were as unfortunate as himself. We stood looking at the groups for about ten minutes, when O'Brien observed, "that we might as well come to an anchor, foul ground being better than no bottom;" so we sat down in a corner, upon our bundles, where we remained for more than an hour, surveying the scene, without speaking a word to each other. I could not speak—I felt so very miserable. I thought of my father and mother in England, of my captain and my messmates, who were sailing about so happily in the frigate, of the kind Colonel O'Brien, and dear little Celeste, and the tears trickled down my cheeks as these scenes of former happiness passed through my mind in quick succession. O'Brien did not speak but once, and then he only said, "This is dull work, Peter."

We had been in the prison about two hours, when a lad in a very greasy, ragged jacket, with a pale emaciated face, came up to us, and said, "I perceive by your uniforms that you are both officers, as well as myself."

O'Brien stared at him for a little while, and then answered, "Upon my soul and honour, then, you've the advantage of us, for it's more than I could perceive in you; but I'll take your word for it. Pray what ship may have had the misfortune of losing such a credit to the service?"

"Why, I belonged to the Snapper cutter," replied the young lad; "I was taken in a prize, which the commanding officer had given in my charge to take to Gibraltar; but they won't believe that I'm an officer. I have applied for officer's allowance and rations, and they won't give them to me."

"Well, but they know that we are officers," replied O'Brien; "why do they shove us in here, with the common seamen?"

"I suppose you are only put in here for the present," replied the cutter's midshipman; "but why, I cannot tell."

Nor could we, until afterwards, when we found out, as our narrative will show, that the officer who received us from the cuirassiers, had once quarrelled with Colonel O'Brien, who first pulled his nose, and afterwards ran him through the body. Being told by the cuirassiers that we were much esteemed by Colonel O'Brien, he resolved to annoy us as much as he could; and when he sent up the document announcing our arrival, he left out the word "Officers," and put us in confinement with the common seamen. "It's very hard upon me not to have my regular allowance as an officer," continued the midshipman. "They only give me a black loaf and three sous a day. If I had had my best uniform on, they never would have disputed my being an officer; but the scoundrels who re-took the prize, stole all my traps, and I have nothing but this old jacket."

"Why, then," replied O'Brien, "you'll know the value of dress for the future. You cutter and gun-brig midshipmen go about in

such a dirty state, that you are hardly acknowledged by us who belong to frigates, to be officers, much less gentlemen. You look so dirty and so slovenly when we pass you in the dock-yard, that we give you a wide berth; how then can you suppose strangers to believe that you are either officers or gentlemen? Upon my conscience, I absolve the Frenchmen from all prejudice, for as to your being an officer, we as Englishmen, have nothing but your bare word for it."

"Well, it's very hard," replied the lad, "to be attacked this way by a brother officer; your coat will be as shabby as mine, before you have been here long."

"That's very true, my darling," returned O'Brien; "but at least, I shall have the pleasant reflection that I came in as a gentleman, although I may not exactly go out under the same appearance. Good night, and pleasant dreams to you!" I thought O'Brien rather cross in speaking in such a way, but he was himself always as remarkably neat and well dressed, as he was handsome and well made.

Fortunately we were not destined to remain long in this detestable hole. After a night of misery, during which we remained sitting on our bundles, and sleeping how we could, leaning with our backs against the damp wall, we were roused at day-break by the unbarring of the prison doors, followed up with an order to go into the prison yard. We were huddled out like a flock of sheep, by a file of soldiers with loaded muskets; and as we went into the yard, were ranged two and two. The same officer who ordered us into prison, commanded the detachment of soldiers who had us in charge. O'Brien stepped out of the ranks, and addressing them stated, that we were officers, and had no right to be treated like common sailors. The French officer replied, that he had better information, and that we wore coats which did not belong to us; upon which O'Brien was in a great rage, calling the officer a liar, and demanding satisfaction for the insult, appealing to the French soldiers, and stating, that Colonel O'Brien, who was at Cette, was his countryman, and had received him for two months into his house upon parole, which was quite sufficient to establish his being an officer. The French soldiers appeared to side with O'Brien after they had heard this explanation, and stating, that no common English sailor could speak such good French, and that they were present when we were sent in on parole, asked the officer whether he intended to give satisfaction. The officer stormed, and drawing his sword out of the scabbard, struck O'Brien with the flat of the blade, looking at him with contempt, and ordering him into the ranks. I could not help observing, that during this scene, the men of war sailors who were among the prisoners, were very indignant, while, on the contrary, those captured in merchant vessels, appeared to be pleased at the insult offered to O'Brien. One of the French soldiers then made a sarcastic remark, that the French officer did not much like the name of O'Brien. This so enraged the officer, that he flew at O'Brien, pushed him back into the ranks, and taking out a pistol, threatened to shoot him through the head. I must do the justice to the French soldiers, that they all cried out shame. They did not appear to have the same discipline,

or the same respect for an officer, as the soldiers have in our service, or they would not have been so free in their language; yet, at the same time, they obeyed all his orders on service very implicitly.

When O'Brien returned to the ranks, he looked defiance at the officer, telling him, "That he would pocket the affront very carefully, as he intended to bring it out again upon a future and more suitable occasion." We were then marched out in ranks, two and two, being met at the street by two drummers, and a crowd of people, who had gathered to witness our departure. The drums beat, and away we went, the officer who had charge of us, mounted a small horse, galloping up and down from one end of the ranks to the other, with his sword drawn, bullying, swearing, and striking with the flat of the blade at any one of the prisoners who was not in his proper place. When we were close to the gates, we were joined by another detachment of prisoners; we were then ordered to halt, and were informed, through an interpreter, that any one attempting to escape, would immediately be shot, after which information we once more proceeded on our route.

Nothing remarkable occurred during our first day's march, except perhaps a curious conversation between O'Brien and one of the French soldiers, in which they disputed about the comparative bravery of the two nations. O'Brien, in his argument, told the Frenchman that his countrymen could not stand a charge of English bayonets. The Frenchman replied that there was no doubt but the French were quite as brave as the English—even more so; and that as for not standing the charge of bayonets, it was not because they were less brave, but the fact was, that they were most excessively *ticklish*. We had black bread and sour wine served out to us this day, when we halted to refresh. O'Brien persuaded a soldier to purchase something for us more eatable; but the French officer heard of it, and was very angry, ordering the soldier to the rear.

At night, we arrived at a small town, the name of which I forget. Here we were all put into an old church for the night, and a very bad night we passed. They did not even give us a little straw to lie down upon: the roof of the church had partly fallen in, and the moon shone through very brightly. This was some comfort; for to have been shut up in the dark, seventy-five in number, would have been very miserable. We were afraid to lie down anywhere, as, like all ruined buildings in France, the ground was covered with filth, and the smell was shocking. O'Brien was very thoughtful, and would hardly answer any question that I put to him; it was evident that he was brooding over the affront which he had received from the French officer. At day-break, the door of the church was again opened by the French soldiers, and we were conducted to the square of the town, where we found the troops quartered drawn up with their officers, to receive us from the detachment who had escorted us from Toulon. We were very much pleased at this, as we knew that we should be forwarded by another detachment, and thus be rid of the brutal officer who had hitherto had charge of the prisoners. But we were rid of him in another way. As the French officers walked along our ranks to look at us, I perceived among them a cap-

tain, whom we had known very intimately when we were living at Cette with Colonel O'Brien. I cried out his name immediately; he turned round, and seeing O'Brien and me, he came up to us, shaking us by the hand, and expressing his surprise at finding us in such a situation. O'Brien explained to him how we had been treated, at which he expressed his indignation, as did the other officers who had collected round us. The major who commanded the troops in the town, turned to the French officer (he was only a lieutenant) who had conducted us from Toulon, and demanded of him his reason for behaving to us in such an unworthy manner. He denied having treated us ill, and said that he had been informed that we had put on officers' dresses which did not belong to us. At this O'Brien declared that he was a liar, and a cowardly *foutre*, that he had struck him with the back of his sabre, which he had dared not have done, if he had not been a prisoner; adding, that all he requested was satisfaction for the insult offered to him, and appealed to the officers whether, if it were refused, the lieutenant's epaulets ought not to be cut off his shoulders. The major commandant and the officers retired to consult, and, after a few minutes, they agreed that the lieutenant was bound to give the satisfaction required. The lieutenant replied that he was ready; but, at the same time, did not appear to be very willing. The prisoners were left in charge of the soldiers, under a junior officer, while the others, accompanied by O'Brien, myself, and the lieutenant, walked to a short distance outside of the town. As we proceeded there, I asked O'Brien with what weapons they would fight.

"I take it for granted," replied he, "that it will be with the small sword."

"But," said I, "do you know any thing about fencing?"

"Devil a bit, Peter; but that's all in my favor."

"How can that be?" replied I.

"I'll tell you, Peter. If one man fences well, and another is but an indifferent hand at it, it is clear that the first will run the other through the body; but if the other knows nothing at all about it, why then, Peter, the case is not quite so clear: because the good fencer is almost as much puzzled by your ignorance, as you are by his skill, and you become on more equal terms. Now, Peter, I've made up my mind that I'll run that fellow through the body, and so I will, as sure as I am an O'Brien."

"Well, I hope you will; but pray do not be too sure."

"It's feeling sure, that will make me able to do it, Peter. By the blood of the O'Briens! didn't he slap me with his sword, as if I were a clown in the pantomime—Peter, I'll kill the Harlequin scoundrel, and my word's as good as my bond!"

By this time we had arrived at the ground. The French lieutenant stripped to his shirt and trowsers; O'Brien did the same, kicking his boots off, and standing upon the wet grass in his stockings. The swords were measured, and handed to them; they took their distance, and set to. I must say, that I was breathless with anxiety; the idea of losing O'Brien struck me with grief and terror. I then felt the value of all his kindness to me, and would have taken his place, and

have been run through the body, rather than he should have been hurt. At first, O'Brien put himself in the correct attitude of defence, in imitation of the lieutenant, but this was for a very few seconds; he suddenly made a spring, and rushed on to his adversary, stabbing at him with a velocity quite astonishing, the lieutenant parrying in his defence, until at last he had an opportunity of lunging at O'Brien. O'Brien, who no longer kept his left arm raised in equipoise, caught the sword of the lieutenant at within six inches of the point, and directing it under his left arm, as he rushed in, passed his own through the lieutenant's body. It was all over in less than a minute—the lieutenant did not live half-an-hour afterwards. The French officers were very much surprised at the result, for they perceived at once that O'Brien knew nothing of fencing. O'Brien gathered a tuft of grass, wiped the sword, which he presented to the officer to whom it belonged, and thanking the major and the whole of them for their impartiality and gentlemenlike conduct, led the way to the square, where he again took his station in the ranks of the prisoners.

Shortly after, the major commandant came up to us, and asked whether we would accept of our parole, as, in that case, we might travel as we pleased. We consented, with many thanks for his civility and kindness; but I could not help thinking at the time, that the French officers were a little mortified at O'Brien's success, although they were too honourable to express the feeling. O'Brien told me, after we had quitted the town, that had it not been for the handsome conduct of the officers, he would not have accepted our parole, as he felt convinced that we could have easily made our escape. We talked over the matter a long while, and at last agreed that there would be a better chance of success by-and-bye, when more closely guarded, than there would be now, under consideration of all circumstances, as it required previously-concerted arrangements to get out of the country.

I had almost forgot to say, that on our return after the duel, the cutter's midshipman called out to O'Brien, requesting him to state to the commandant that he was also an officer; but O'Brien replied, that there was no evidence for it but his bare word. If he was an officer, he must prove it himself, as every thing in his appearance flatly contradicted his assertion.

"It's very hard," replied the midshipman, "that because my jacket's a little tarry or so, that I must lose my rank."

"My dear fellow," replied O'Brien, "it's not because your jacket's a little tarry; it is because what the Frenchmen call your *tout ensemble* is quite disgraceful in an officer. Look at your face in the first puddle, and you'll find that it would dirty the water you look into. Look at your shoulders above your ears, and your back with a bow like a *kink* in a cable. Your trowsers, sir, you have pulled your legs too far through, showing a foot and a half of worsted stockings. In short, look at yourself altogether, and then tell me, provided you be an officer, whether from respect to the service, it would not be my duty to contradict it. It goes against my conscience, my dear fellow;

but recollect that when we arrive at the depot, you will be able to prove it; so it's only waiting a little while, until the captains will pass their word for you, which is more than I will."

"Well, it's very hard," replied the midshipman, "that I must go on eating this black rye bread; and very unkind of you."

"It's very kind of me, you spalpeen of the Snapper. Prison will be a paradise to you, when you get into good commons. How you'll relish your grub by-and-bye. So now shut your pan, or by the tail of Jonah's whale, I'll swear you're a Spaniard."

I could not help thinking that O'Brien was very severe upon the poor lad, and I expostulated with him afterwards. He replied, "Peter, if, as a cutter's midshipman, he is a bit of an officer, the devil a bit is he of a gentleman, either born or bred; and I'm not bound to bail every blackguard-looking chap that I meet. By the head of St. Peter! I would blush to be seen in his company, if I were in the wildest bog in Ireland, with nothing but an old crow as spectator."

We were now again permitted to be on our parole, and received every attention and kindness from the different officers who commanded the detachments which passed along the prisoners from one town to the other. In a few days we arrived at Montpelier, where we had orders to remain a few days, until directions were received from government as to the depots for prisoners, to which we were to be sent. At this delightful town, we had unlimited parole, not even a gend'arme accompanying us. We lived at the Table d'Hote, were permitted to walk about where we pleased, and amused ourselves every evening at the theatre. During our stay there, we wrote to Colonel O'Brien at Cette, thanking him for his kindness, and narrating what had occurred since we parted. I also wrote to Celeste, inclosing my letter unsealed in the one to Colonel O'Brien. I told her the history of O'Brien's duel, and all I could think would interest her; how sorry I was to have parted from her; that I never would forget her; and trusted that some day, as she was only half a Frenchwoman, that we should meet again. Before we left Montpelier, we had the pleasure of receiving answers to our letters: the Colonel's letters were very kind, particularly the one to me, in which he called me his dear boy, and hoped that I should soon rejoin my friends, and prove an ornament to my country. In his letter to O'Brien, he requested him not to run me into useless danger, to recollect that I was not so old or so powerful in frame as he was, and not so well able to undergo extreme hardship. I have no doubt but that this caution referred to O'Brien's intentions to escape from prison, which he had not concealed from the colonel, and the probability that I would be a partner in the attempt. The answer from Celeste was written in English; but she must have had assistance from her father, or she could not have succeeded so well. It was like herself, very kind and affectionate; and also ended with wishing me a speedy return to my friends, who must (she said) be so fond of me, that she despaired of ever seeing me more, but that she consoled herself as well as she could with the assurance that I should be happy. I forgot to say that Colonel O'Brien, in his letter to me, stated that he expected immediate orders to leave Cette, and take the command of some military post in the interior, or join the

army, but which, he could not tell; that they had packed up every thing, and he was afraid that our correspondence must cease, as he could not state to what place we should direct our letters. I could not help thinking at the time, that it was a delicate way of pointing out to us that it was not right that he should correspond with us in our relative situations; but still I was sure that he was about to leave Certe, for he never would have made use of a subterfuge.

I must here acquaint the reader with a circumstance which I forgot to mention, which was, that when Captain Savage sent in a flag of truce with our clothes and money, I thought that it was but justice to O'Brien that they should know on board of the frigate the gallant manner in which he had behaved. I knew that he never would tell himself, so, ill as I was at the time, I sent for Colonel O'Brien, and requested him to write down my statement of the affair, in which I mentioned how O'Brien had spiked the last gun, and had been taken prisoner by so doing, together with his attempting to save me. When the colonel had written all down, I requested that he would send for the major, who first entered the fort with the troops, and translate it to him in French. This he did in my presence, and the major declared every word to be true. "Will he attest it, colonel, as it may be of great service to O'Brien?" The major immediately assented. Colonel O'Brien then enclosed my letter, with a short note from himself, to Captain Savage, paying him a compliment, and assuring him that his gallant young officers should be treated with every attention, and all the kindness which the rules of war would admit of. O'Brien never knew that I had sent that letter, as the colonel, at my request, kept the secret.

In ten days, we received an order to march on the following morning. The sailors, among whom was our poor friend the midshipman of the Snapper cutter, were ordered to Verdun; O'Brien and I, with eight masters of merchant vessels, who joined us at Montpellier, were directed by the government to be sent to Givet, a fortified town in the department of Ardennes. But at the same time, orders arrived from government to treat the prisoners with great strictness, and not to allow any parole: the reason of this, we were informed, was, that accounts had been sent to government of the death of the French officer in the duel with O'Brien, and they had expressed their dissatisfaction at its having been permitted. Indeed, I very much doubt whether it would have been permitted in our country, but the French officers are almost romantically chivalrous in their ideas of honour; in fact, as enemies, I have always considered them as worthy antagonists to the English, and they appear more respectable in themselves, and more demanding our good-will in that situation, than they do when we meet them as friends, and are acquainted with the other points of their character, which lessen them in our estimation.

I shall not dwell upon a march of three weeks, during which we alternately received kind or unhandsome treatment, according to the dispositions of those who had us in charge; but I must observe, that it was invariably the case, that officers who were gentlemen by birth treated us with consideration, while those who had sprung from nothing during the Revolution, were harsh and sometimes even brutal.

It was exactly four months from the time of our capture, that we arrived at our destined prison at Givet.

"Peter," said O'Brien, as he looked hastily at the fortifications, and the river which divided the two towns, "I see no reason, either English or French, that we should not eat our Christmas dinner in England. I've a bird's-eye view of the outside, and now have only to find out whereabouts we may be in the inside."

I must say that when I looked at ditches and high ramparts, that I had a different opinion; so had a *gend'arme* who was walking by our side, and who had observed O'Brien's scrutiny, and who quietly said to him in French, "*Vous le croyez possible ?*"

"Every thing is possible to a brave man—the French armies have proved that," answered O'Brien.

"You are right," replied the *gend'arme*, pleased with the compliment to his nation, "I wish you success, you will deserve it; but——" and he shook his head.

"If I could but obtain a plan of the fortress," said O'Brien, "I would give five Napoleons for one," and he looked at the *gend'arme*.

"I cannot see any objection to an officer, although a prisoner, studying fortification," replied the *gend'arme*. "In two hours you will be within the walls; and, now I recollect, in the map of the two towns, the fortress is laid down sufficiently accurately to give you an idea of it. But we have conversed too long." So saying, the *gend'arme* dropped into the rear.

In a quarter of an hour, we arrived at the Place d'Armes, where we were met, as usual, with another detachment of troops, and drummers, who paraded us through the town previous to our being drawn up before the governor's house. This, I ought to have observed, was by order of government done at every town we passed through; it was very contemptible, but prisoners were so scarce, that they made all the display of us that they could. As we stopped at the governor's house, the *gend'arme*, who had left us in the square, made a sign to O'Brien as much as to say, I have it. O'Brien took out five Napoleons, which he wrapped in paper and held in his hand. In a minute or two, the *gend'arme* came up and presented O'Brien with an old silk handkerchief, saying, "*Votre mouchoir, monsieur.*"

"*Merci,*" replied O'Brien, putting the handkerchief which contained the map into his pocket, "*voici à boire mon ami;*" and he slipped the paper with the five Napoleons into the hand of the *gend'arme*, who immediately retreated.

This was very fortunate for us, as we afterwards discovered that a mark had been put against O'Brien's and my name, not to allow parole or permission to leave the fortress, even under surveillance. Indeed, even if it had not been so, we never should have obtained it, as the lieutenant killed by O'Brien was nearly related to the commandant of the fortress, who was as much a *mauvais sujet* as his kinsman. Having waited the usual hour before the governor's house, to answer to our muster roll, and to be stared at, we were dismissed; and, in a few minutes, found ourselves shut up in one of the strongest fortresses in France.

If I doubted the practicability of escape when I examined the exte-

rior, when we were ushered into the interior of the fortress, I felt that it was impossible, and I stated my opinion to O'Brien. We were conducted into a yard surrounded by a high wall; the buildings appropriated for the prisoners with *lean-to* roofs on one side, and at each side of the square was a sentry looking down upon us. It was very much like the dens which they now build for bears, only so much larger. O'Brien answered me with a "Pish! Peter, it's the very security of the place which will enable us to get out of it. But don't talk, as there are always spies about who understand English."

We were shewn into a room allotted to six of us; our baggage was examined, and then delivered over to us. "Better and better, Peter," observed O'Brien, "they've not found it out!"

"What?" inquired I.

"Oh, only a little selection of articles, which might be useful to us by-and-bye."

He then shewed me what I never before was aware of; that he had a false bottom to his trunk, but it was papered over like the rest, and very ingeniously concealed. "And what is there, O'Brien?" inquired I.

"Never mind; I had them made at Montpelier. You'll see by-and-bye."

The others, who were lodged in the same room, then came in, and after staying a quarter of an hour, went away at the sound of the dinner-bell. "Now, Peter," said O'Brien, "I must get rid of my load. Turn the key."

O'Brien then undressed himself, and when he threw off his shirt and drawers, shewed me a rope of silk, with a knot at every two feet, about half an inch in size, wound round and round his body. There was about sixty feet of it altogether. As I unwound it, he, turning round and round, observed, "Peter, I've worn this rope ever since I left Montpelier, and you've no idea of the pain I have suffered; but we must go to England, that's decided upon."

When I looked at O'Brien, as the rope was wound off, I could easily imagine that he had really been in great pain; in several places, his flesh was quite raw from the continual friction, and after it was all unwound, and he had put on his clothes, he fainted away. I was very much alarmed, but I recollected to put the rope into the trunk and take out the key, before I called for assistance. He soon came to, and on being asked what was the matter, said that he was subject to fits from his infancy. He looked earnestly at me, and I shewed him the key, which was sufficient.

For some days, O'Brien, who really was not very well, kept to his room. During this time, he often examined the map given him by the gend'arme. One day he said to me, "Peter, can you swim?"

"No," replied I; "but never mind that."

"But I must mind it, Peter, for observe, we shall have to cross the river Meuse, and boats are not always to be had. You observe, that this fortress is washed by the river on one side; and as it is the strongest side, it is the least guarded—we must escape by it. I can see my way clear enough till we get to the second rampart on the river, but when we drop into the river, if you cannot swim, I must contrive to hold you up, somehow or another."

"Are you then determined to escape, O'Brien? I cannot perceive how we are even to get up this wall, with four sentries staring us in the face."

"Never do you mind that, Peter, mind your own business; and first tell me, do you intend to try your luck with me?"

"Yes," replied I, "most certainly; if you have sufficient confidence in me to take me as your companion."

"To tell you the truth, Peter, I would not give a farthing to escape without you. We were taken together, and please God, we'll take ourselves off together; but that must not be for this month; our greatest help will be the dark nights and foul weather."

This prison was by all accounts very different from Verdun and some others. We had no parole, and but little communication with the townspeople. Some were permitted to come in and supply us with various articles; but their baskets were searched, to see that they contained nothing that might lead to an escape on the part of the prisoners. Without the precautions that O'Brien had taken, any attempt would have been useless. Still, O'Brien, as soon as he left his room, did obtain several little articles—especially bales of twine—for one of the amusements of the prisoners was flying kites. This, however, was put a stop to, in consequence of one of the strings, whether purposely or not, I cannot say, catching the lock of the musket carried by one of the sentries, who looked down upon us, and twitching it out of his hand; after which an order was given by the commandant for no kites to be permitted. This was fortunate for us, as O'Brien, by degrees, purchased all the twine belonging to the other prisoners; and as we were more than three hundred in number, it amounted to sufficient to enable him, by stealth, in his own room, to lay it up into very strong cord, or rather, into a sort of square plait, known only to sailors. "Now, Peter," said he, one day, "I want nothing more than an umbrella for you."

"Why an umbrella for me?"

"To keep you from being drowned with too much water, that's all."

"Rain won't drown me."

"No, no, Peter; but buy a new one as soon as you can."

I did so. O'Brien boiled up a quantity of bees' wax and oil, and gave it several coats of this preparation. He then put it carefully away in the ticking of his bed. I asked him whether he intended to make known his plans to any of the other prisoners; he replied in the negative, saying, that there were so many of them who could not be trusted, that he would trust no one. We had been now about two months in Givet, when a Steel's List was sent to a lieutenant, who was confined there. The lieutenant came up to O'Brien, and asked him his christian name. "Teague, to be sure," replied O'Brien.

"Then," answered the lieutenant, "I may congratulate you on your promotion, for here you are upon the list of August."

"Sure there must be some trifling mistake; let me look at it. Teague O'Brien, sure enough; but now the question is, has any other fellow robbed me of my name and my promotion at the same time? Bother, what can it mane? I won't belave it—not a word of it. I've no more interest than a dog who drags cat's meat."

"Really, O'Brien," observed I, "I cannot see why you should not be made; I am sure you deserve your promotion for your conduct when you were taken prisoner."

"And pray what did I do then, you simple Peter, but put you on my back as the men do their hammocks when they are piped down; but, barring all claim, how could any one know what took place in the battery except you, and I, and the armourer, who lay dead? So explain that, Peter, if you can."

"I think I can," replied I, after the lieutenant had left us. And I then told O'Brien how I had written to Captain Savage, and had had the fact attested by the major who had made us prisoners."

"Well, Peter," said O'Brien, after a pause, "there is a fable about a lion and a mouse. If by your means I have obtained my promotion, why, then, the mouse is a finer baste than the lion; but instead of being happy, I shall now be miserable until the truth is ascertained one way or the other, and that's another reason why I must set off to England as fast as I can."

For a few days after this O'Brien was very uneasy, but fortunately letters arrived by that time; one to me from my father, in which he requested me to draw for what money I might require, saying that the whole family would retrench in every way to give me all the comfort which might be obtained in my unfortunate situation. I wept at his kindness, and more than ever longed to throw myself in his arms, and thank him. He also told me that my uncle William was dead, and that there was only one between him and the title, but that my grandfather was in good health, and had been very kind to him lately. My mother was much afflicted at my having been made a prisoner, and requested I would write as often as I could. O'Brien's letter was from Captain Savage; the frigate had been sent home with despatches, and O'Brien's conduct represented to the Admiralty, who had in consequence promoted him to the rank of lieutenant. O'Brien came to me with the letter, his countenance radiant with joy as he put it into my hands. In return I put mine into his, and he read it over.

"Peter, my boy, I'm under great obligations to you. When you were wounded and feverish, you thought of me at a time when you had quite enough to think of yourself; but I never thank in words. I see your uncle William is dead. How many more uncles have you?"

"My uncle John, who is married, and has already two daughters."

"Blessings on him; may he stick to the female line of business! Peter, my boy, you shall be a lord before you die."

"Nonsense, O'Brien; I have no chance. Don't put such foolish ideas in my head."

"What chance had I of being a lieutenant, and am I not one? Well, Peter, you've helped to make a lieutenant of me, but I'll make a *man* of you, and that's better. Peter, I perceive, with all your simplicity, that you're not over and above simple, and that with all your asking for advice, you can think and act for yourself on an emergency. Now, Peter, these are talents that must not be thrown away in this cursed hole, and therefore, my boy, prepare yourself to quit this place in a week, wind and weather permitting—that is to say, not

fair wind and weather, but the fouler the better. Will you be ready at any hour of any night that I call you up?"

"Yes, O'Brien, I will, and do my best."

"No man can do much more, that ever I heard of. But, Peter, do me one favour; as I really am a lieutenant, just touch your hat to me only once, that's all: but I wish the compliment, just to see how it looks."

"Lieutenant O'Brien," said I, touching my hat, "have you any further orders?"

"Yes, sir," replied he; "that you never presume to touch your hat to me again unless we sail together, and then that's a different sort of thing."

About a week afterwards, O'Brien came to me, and said, "The new moon's quartered in with foul weather; if it holds, prepare for a start. I have put what is necessary in your little haversack; it may be to-night. Go to bed now, and sleep for a week if you can, for you'll get but little sleep, if we succeed, for the week to come."

This was about eight o'clock; I went to bed, and about twelve I was roused by O'Brien, who told me to dress myself carefully, and come down to him in the yard. I did so without disturbing any body, and found the night as dark as pitch, (it was then November,) and raining in torrents; the wind was high, howling round the yard, and sweeping in the rain in every direction as it eddyed to and fro. It was some time before I could find O'Brien, who was hard at work; and as I had already been made acquainted with all his plans, I will now explain them. At Montpelier he had procured six large pieces of iron, about eighteen inches long, with a gimblet at one end of each, and a square at the other, which fitted to a handle which unshipped. For precaution he had a spare handle, but each handle fitted to all the irons. O'Brien had screwed one of these pieces of iron between the interstices of the stones of which the wall was built, and sitting astride on that, was fixing another about three feet above. When he had accomplished this, he stood upon the lower iron, and supporting himself by the second, which about met his hip, he screwed in a third, always fixing them about six inches on one side of the other, and not one above the other. When he had screwed in his six irons, he was about half up the wall, and then he fastened his rope, which he had carried round his neck, to the upper iron, and lowering himself down, unscrewed the four lower irons; then ascending by the rope, he stood upon the fifth iron, and supporting himself by the upper iron, recommenced his task. By these means he arrived in the course of an hour and a half to the top of the wall, where he fixed his last iron, and making his rope fast, he came down again. "Now, Peter," said he, "there is no fear of the sentries seeing us; if they had the eyes of cats, they could not until we are on the top of the wall; but then we arrive at the glacis, and we must creep to the ramparts on our bellies. I am now going up with all the materials. Give me your haversack—you will go up lighter; and recollect, should any accident happen to me, you run to bed again. If, on the contrary, I pull the rope up and down three or four times, you may sheer up it as fast as you can." O'Brien then loaded himself

with the other rope, the two knapsacks, iron crows, and other implements he had procured; and, last of all, with the umbrella. "Peter, if the rope bears me with all this, it is clear it will bear such a creature as you are, therefore don't be afraid." So whispering, he commenced his ascent; in about three minutes he was up, and the rope pulled. I immediately followed him, and found the rope very easy to climb, from the knots at every two feet, which gave me a hold for my feet, and I was up in as short a time as he was. He caught me by the collar, putting his wet hand on my mouth, and I lay down beside him while he pulled up the rope. We then crawled on our stomachs across the glacis till we arrived at the rampart. The wind blew tremendously, and the rain pattered down so fast, that the sentries did not perceive us; indeed it was no fault of theirs, for it was impossible to have made us out. It was some time before O'Brien could find out the point exactly above the drawbridge of the first ditch; at last he did—he fixed his crow-bar in, and lowered down the rope. "Now, Peter, I had better go first again; when I shake the rope from below, all's right." O'Brien descended, and in a few minutes the rope again shook; I followed him, and found myself received in his arms upon the meeting of the drawbridge, but the drawbridge itself was up. O'Brien led the way across the chains, and I followed him. When we had crossed the mead, we found a barrier-gate locked; this puzzled us. O'Brien pulled out his picklocks to pick it, but without success; here we were fast. "We must undermine the gate, O'Brien; we must pull up the pavement until we can creep under." "Peter, you are a fine fellow; I never thought of that." We worked very hard until the hole was large enough, using the crow-bar which was left, and a little wrench which O'Brien had with him. By these means we got under the gate in the course of an hour or more. This gate led to the lower rampart, but we had a covered way to pass through before we arrived at it. We proceeded very cautiously, when we heard a noise: we stopped, and found that it was a sentry, who was fast asleep, and snoring. Little expecting to find one here we were puzzled; pass him we could not well, as he was stationed on the very spot where we required to place our crow-bar, to descend the lower rampart into the river. O'Brien thought for a moment. "Peter," said he, "now is the time for you to prove yourself a man. He is fast asleep, but his noise must be stopped. I will stop his mouth, but at the very moment that I do so you must throw open the pan of his musket, and then he cannot fire it." "I will, O'Brien; don't fear me." We crept cautiously up to him, and O'Brien motioning to me to put my thumb upon the pan I did so, and the moment that O'Brien put his hand upon the soldier's mouth, I threw open the pan. The fellow struggled, and snapped his lock as a signal, but of course without discharging his musket, and in a minute he was not only gagged but bound by O'Brien, with my assistance. Leaving him there, we proceeded to the rampart, and fixing the crow-bar again, O'Brien descended; I followed him, and found him in the river hanging on to the rope, the umbrella was opened and turned upwards, the preparation made it resist the water, and, as previously explained to me by O'Brien, I had only to hold on at

arm's length to two beckets which he had affixed to the point of the umbrella, which was under water. To the same part O'Brien had a tow-line, which, taking in his teeth, he towed me down with the stream to about a hundred yards clear of the fortress, where we landed. O'Brien was so exhausted that for a few minutes he remained quite motionless; I also was benumbed with the cold. "Peter," said he, "thank God we have succeeded so far; now must we push on as far as we can, for we shall have day-light in two hours."

O'Brien took out his flask of spirits, and we both drank a half tumbler at least, but we should not in our state have been affected with a bottle. We now walked along the river side till we fell in with a small craft, with a boat towing a-stern; O'Brien swam to it, and cutting the painter without getting in, towed it on shore. The oars were fortunately in the boat. I got in, we shoved off, and rowed away down the stream till the dawn of day. "All's right, Peter; now we'll land. This is the Forest of Ardennes." We landed, replaced the oars in the boat, and pushed her off into the stream, to induce people to suppose that she had broken adrift, and then hastened into the thickest of the wood. It still rained hard; I shivered, and my teeth chattered with the cold, but there was no help for it. We again took a dram of spirits, and, worn out with fatigue and excitement, soon fell fast asleep upon a bed of leaves which we had collected together.

PATENTE SOVRANA

CON CUI L'IMPERATORE D'AUSTRIA ACCORDA UNA COSTITUZIONE AL
REGNO LOMBARDO-VENETO.

Noi Franceschin per la grazia divina
Imperatore e re dell' Ungheria,
Della Boemia, e della Buccovina,
Duca di Stiria ed Istria e Lombardia, etc. etc.
Volendo alla nazione Transalpina
Dar prova di sovrana cortesia,
Il medico sentito, e 'l confessore
Legge facciam del seguente tenore.

ART. I.

Per far che il dolce d'amistà legame,
Fra gl' Italiani miei sia più gagliardo
Delle Provincie mie faccio un Reame
Che nominassi Veneto-Lombardo,
Ovver Lombardo-Veneto, se alcun ame
Aver un Regno Sdrucchiolo. Ordiniamo
Vogliamo, e comandiamo
Che l'attual Patente
Sia d'ogni tassa esente,
Sol che il Regno pagar ogni an, non manchi
Ottantacinque milion di franchi.

ART. II.

E lecito a ciascun a piedi o in legno
Il viaggiar per tutto quanto il Regno
Da Milano a Verona,
Da Mantova a Cremona,
Da Crema a Soresina,
Da Como a Barlasina,
Mediante previo passaporto, e questo
Verrà da Vienna a fin di far più presto.
E libero egualmente
Il viaggiar in Francia e in Inghilterra
Sia per mar sia per terra
Come ad ognon fia d' uopo ;
Ed a sì fatto uopo
Non più tardi d'un anno un passaporto
Il petente otterrà, se non è morto.

ART. III.

Per animar l'industria e agricoltura
Si accorda libertà di trafficare

SOVEREIGN PATENT,

BY WHICH THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA GRANTS A CONSTITUTION TO
THE LOMBARD-VENETIAN KINGDOM.

WE, Francis, Emperor by the grace divine
Of Austria, and King of Hungary,
Of Bohemy, and of the Buccovine,
Istria and Syria's duke—of Lombardy, etc. etc. etc.
Willing unto the nation Transalpine
To give a proof of sovereign courtesy,
The doctor first consulted, and the priest,
Pass into law the following behest.

ART. I.

To foster love and envy dissipate,
Our dear Italians' merits to reward,
We of their states a kingdom do create
Which shall be named the Veneto-Lombard,
Or Lombard-Veneto, to recreate
The more poetic ear : and now ordain,
Will and maintain,
That th' actual donation
Be exempt from taxation ;
Save that the kingdom punctually pay
Of millions eighty-five each new year's day.

ART. II.

To all on foot, and eke in carriage rolling,
We here permit free liberty of strolling,
From Milan to Verona,
From Mantua to Cremona,
From Crema to Soresina,
From Como to Barlasina ;
By means of passports previously obtain'd,
Sign'd at Vienna—that time may be gain'd :
And it is equally free
To visit France or go to England's shore
By land or sea,
As will or business urges more ;
And that this may be,
At one year's end a passport shall be sped
To him who asks it—if he be not dead.

ART. III.

Farming and industry to animate,
We here accord of trading liberty,

Piena assoluta, e senz' altra clausura
 E a sola condizione
 Di vender sempre senza mai comprare,
 E dall' importazione
 Si eccettuan solo gli articoli inservienti
 All' abito, all' alloggio, ed anche al vitto ;
 Tutto il resto può entrar senza delitto.

ART. IV.

Sacro è il debito pubblico, e pagato
 Fia l' interesse puntualmente in pace ;
 Ma se la guerra nascerà, saldato
 Sarà con carta monetata ; e giace
 Sin da quest' ora in cassa dello stato
 D' ammortizzazion detta, un magazzino
 Di stracci e carta pieno,
 E machine a vapore,
 Onde con tutto onore
 Pagar esattamente il creditore
 Con cedole di banco
 Che perdono in valor due terzi al manco.

ART. V.

E abolita per sempre la confisca,
 Sequestro perpetuo si sostituisca.
 Vien la pena di morte anche abolita ;
 E per seguir il suol nostro umano
 Vi si surroga il carcer duro invita
 A pane ed acqua in malsana prigione,
 Cinquanta libbre di catene indosso
 E *interpolatim* colpi di bastone.

ART. VI.

Per rappresentazione nazionale
 Darem una congregazion centrale,
 La qual perchè non faccia ben nè male
 Sarà da noi prescetta e ben pagata
 Per occuparsi solo d' ospedali ;
 Negli altri affari un poco più essenziali
 Libero ognun sarà e indipendente
 Seguendo il voto ognor del Presidente.

ART. VII.

E libero ad ognuno il meditare
 Riflettere, pensar, anche sognare ;
 E quando un tale è solo
 Alla propria opinion può sciorre il volo
 Ed è a ciascun concesso
 Legger libri non proibiti ; e pure
 Ogni cosa stampar con il permesso
 Delle tre regie imperial censure.

Full, absolute, and on no other rate,
And with this simple restriction ;
—Always to sell, and never to buy—
And from importation
We but except the articles of necessity
For dress, for lodging, and at dinner time—
And all the rest may enter without crime.

ART. IV.

Sacred shall be the public debt, and paid
Its interest punctually in time of peace ;
But if war trouble us, *such form* shall cease
And paper-money payments shall be made :
We have already in our treasury
As vast a heap as eye may wish to see
Of fusty notes—a former bankruptcy ;
And now, steam-engines shall their might employ,
That we with all exactness, honour, joy,
May liquidate our debts with bank-notes nice,
That ne'er lose more than two-thirds of their price.

ART. V.

For ever we abolish confiscation,
And substitute perpetual sequestration ;
The pain of death we also now suppress—
When all are merciful, is Austria less ?
Let then a dungeon get the hangman's prey,
Unhealthy and perpetual—bread and water,
Hard blows, and harder chains, and night for day,
Shew our imperial dislike of slaughter.

ART. VI.

And for this nation's parliament,
A central congregation shall be sent ;
And that it may nor good nor ill invent,
It shall by us be chosen and well paid,—
To be on parish poor-houses intent ;
And if affairs of greater weight are laid,
Free shall it be, and wholly independent,
Provided all but vote as votes the president.

ART. VII.

Free shall it be to all to meditate,
To think, to muse, to mooncalf—nay, to dream ;
And when a man is close within his gate,
With none to hear him—he may say his theme
And we also concede
That all may read,
Books not prohibited—and freely print
A volume that has nothing in't,
And licens'd with our censorship's consent.

ART. VIII.

E per dar prove al popolo Italiano
Del nostro amor, vogliam che un Arciduca
Nostro vero germano,
Col titolo e gli onor di Vicetre
Quel *alter-ego* risieda in Milano
E questo fia l'Arciduca Rainieri ;
E perchè goda autorità di Re
Lo rivestiamo di pieni-poteri ;
Ma affincchè meglio serbisi imparziale
Consulterà sopra ogni cosa e in tutto
La nostra volontà regia imperiale ;
E in caso sol d'urgenza
Darà la Camer Aulica
Fra tre anni al più tardi provvidenza

ART. IX.

Nell' Arcivescovato di Milano
Fiavi un sol Arcivescovo *Patano*,
E di Venezia nel Patriarcato
Idem un sol Patriarca Austriaco nato.
Non vi saran che cinque Tirolesi
Per ogni tribunale, e due Viennesi
In ogni ufficio con special diploma
Di raddolcire l' Italo idioma.
Gl' Italian perchè in Austria è crudo il verno
Impieghi non vi avranno dal governo.

Dato dalla Residenza di Vienna
E sotto scritto colla nostra penna,
Mille ottocento trenta, Ottobre il tre.

Noi FRANCESCHINO Imperatore e Re.

ART. VIII.

And to our dear Italians to give proof
Of all our love and cares in their behoof,
We will that our own brother,
An Archduke, and none other,
Reside in Milan for our nation's joy,
With title and the honours of Viceroy,
With Alter-Ego, and that Ranier be
The happy ruler of this people free,
Invested with full, sovereign might—
Only to keep him right,
He must, in all things, passively submit
To what our magnanimity thinks fit;
And only in cases of emergency,
Permit himself the divergency,
Of consulting the Aulic council,
So quick and so sure still,
Which in three years at most, will grant decret.

ART. IX.

In the Archbishopric of Milano,
There shall be one Archbishop *Patano*,*
And on the Patriarch's throne
Of Venice, but one alone,
A loyal subject and an Austrian born:
Five, and no more Tyroleans shall be seated
In every court of law; and ready-witted,
Stout Austrians two, each office shall preside
To purify the tongue in which they pride;
The tongue of him who sang of hell and heaven—†
And as the winter's cold on Austria's side,
No places there t' Italians shall be given.

Given at our residence of Viëen,
And sign'd with our own pen,
Eighteen hundred and thirty, October thirteen,

We, FRANCESCHIN, Emperor and King.

* A Lombard term of derision.

† Dante.

REMARKS ON THE ORIGIN OF THE FAMILIES AND HONOURS OF THE BRITISH PEERAGE.

BY A PEER OF THE REALM.

IT is reported of the minister, Lord Shelburne, that he was accustomed to say, that "the nobility of England were more ignorant and more vicious than even those of France." By this remark he evidently intended to convey his profound contempt for the order to which he belonged. But we are inclined to think that his criticism was too severe even for that age—and undoubtedly there is at the present moment a great proportion of intelligence and instruction among the individuals composing the British peerage. It is fortunate for them, and for us, that it is so; for them, because by causing them to be respected by the country, it increases the probable durability of their honours—for us, that is, for the public, because, as an hereditary aristocracy would appear to be necessary for the existence of a limited monarchy, it prevents the likelihood of their being swept away, as they were formerly in France, by the burst of popular indignation.

The British peerage does and ought to stand upon its own merits. It is not a caste apart, possessed of onerous privileges to the other classes, as it is in many countries. It has no intrenchments of this kind, behind which it can fortify itself, and defy the expression of public feeling. It belongs to the people, from which it is daily taken—not separated from them, but only placed at their head. Again, the nobility of England cannot, luckily for itself, repose upon its ancestry, or, to use the energetic words of Boileau, "*se pare insolemment du merite d'autrui*," like that of Germany, and perhaps of the rest of Europe: for it is composed principally of persons who cannot trace beyond a very few generations, and even in those generations how many connexions and alliances with the *roture* occur! Undoubtedly a few families among our peerage are ancient and honourable from their mention in our history; but not any of these would satisfy the heralds of the continent. We believe that there is no single instance in England of a family that would be what is called "*Chapitrable*" in Germany, that is to say, eligible to furnish members for the chapters, which admit only of pure nobility, that can be proved for four generations; or, what is called in foreign genealogies, proving sixteen quarterings.*

* This will be evident, when we state what is happily known but to few in this country—namely, what the proof of sixteen quarterings requires. It requires,

1. The nobility of the father, paternal grandfather, grandfather's father, and grandfather's paternal grandfather. This entitles to one quartering.
2. The nobility of the mother, maternal grandfather, maternal grandfather's father, and maternal grandfather's paternal grandfather, entitles to a second quartering.
3. The nobility of the paternal grandmother, and of her father and paternal grandfather, gives a third.
4. The nobility of the maternal grandmother, and of her father and paternal grandfather, gives a fourth.
5. The nobility of the paternal grandfather's mother, and her father, gives a fifth.
6. The nobility of the paternal grandmother's mother, and her father, entitles to a sixth.
7. The nobility of the maternal grandfather's mother, and her father, confers a seventh.
8. The nobility of the maternal grandmother's mother, and her father, confers an eighth.

To go first to the highest family in the state, it is well known that the Guelphs, though descended from "the antique brood of Este," are not *chapitrales*, from the circumstance of the marriage of one of their ancestors with a Frenchwoman, a "Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse." It has been said that the late Queen (Charlotte) used sometimes to reproach her royal husband with this *mésalliance* in his family. The following anecdote is also told upon the same subject. On a certain occasion the queen gave a dinner at Frogmore, where were present, besides her own children, some foreign members of the House of Brunswick. It was remarked by one of the guests, that every person at table was descended from the Electress-Sophia; but the queen turned round, and pointing to her heart, exclaimed proudly, "Non, Madame, il n'y a pas de d'Olbreuse ici." We are glad that a woman in essentials so respectable as her late Majesty, should have derived pleasure even from trifles; but we are also glad that our royal race should possess this mixture of lower, but not therefore worse blood, which separates them more from the pedigree-hunting princes of the empire, and makes them appear more naturally belonging to the mixed nobility and mixed government of this country.

When we say that there are some ancient families among the British peerage, we beg the continental heralds not to take the alarm; we do not mean to apply that epithet to the far distant periods to which they would deem it necessary to refer, to entitle a family to such an adjective. We mean it merely in the limited sense in which it is taken in England, that is to say, as expressing families who can trace to the Norman Conquest. Beyond this all is, and must be, darkness. It has been ever held by our most learned men in the science of descent, that not one family could be traced to the days of the Saxons. For this many causes may be given. The barbarism of the times—the entire absence of surnames—and the complete change which took place in the property of the country on the arrival of William. Ignorant persons have sometimes claimed such descents, and venal heralds have allowed them, but they can never be supported by proofs. That we have all Saxon blood in our veins is undoubted; but the proportions between the Saxon churl and the Norman freebooter can never be ascertained, nor is it in any way desirable that they should. The lower orders in England are those who have probably the most Saxon blood to boast of; that is to say, those of them who in their generations have remained as cultivators of the same soil from immemorial times, and who continued the serfs of the Normans after the Conquest, as they had previously been of their own countrymen.

The clearest cases of descent from the time of the Conquest are those, where the families who now possess certain estates, are mentioned in Domesday Book, as possessing the same estates under the Conqueror. Such are, we believe, the instances—of Ashburnham of Ashburnham, in

9. The nobility of the paternal grandfather's paternal grandmother gives a ninth.
10. The nobility of the paternal grandfather's maternal grandmother gives a tenth.
11. The nobility of the paternal grandmother's paternal grandmother confers an eleventh.
12. The nobility of the paternal grandmother's maternal grandmother confers a twelfth.
13. The nobility of the maternal grandfather's paternal grandmother entitles to a thirteenth.
14. The nobility of the maternal grandfather's maternal grandmother entitles to a fourteenth.
15. The nobility of the maternal grandmother's paternal grandmother entitles to a fifteenth.
16. And, finally, the nobility of the maternal grandmother's maternal grandmother makes up the sixteenth.

In France, upon particular occasions, it was required to prove *thirty-two* quarterings, and in Germany, even sometimes as many as *sixty-four*.

Sussex—of Kingscote of Kingscote, in Gloucestershire—of Cholmondeley of Cholmondeley, in Cheshire, and some few others. But as people can never be contented with the advantages they really have, so in the case of all these families, attempts have been made to prove that they were possessed of these estates previous to the Norman Conquest. In the Ashburnham tradition upon this subject, it is stated that Bertram Ashburnham was Constable of Dover Castle under Harold, and defended it fiercely against William, who nevertheless, while he was depriving the whole Saxon population of the fee of their lands, was good enough to leave his large estate to the aforesaid Bertram. The story, in addition to the total absence of proofs, bears upon the face of it the marks of its falsehood.

In some instances families are found, who complacently trace their pedigrees as purely Saxon, and yet at the same time their names are to be found in the Battle-Abbey Roll, among the Norman followers of William. In short, to all these Saxon claimants, objections equally strong with those already mentioned are found, which, to the mind of sober reason, completely overset their pretensions. There are no doubt heralds, as was the case with Edmonson, who will admit of any fable in pedigrees; but, in the necessary absence of proof, their words must never be taken for granted. Such was the ludicrous commencement of the Vere pedigree, which traced from a younger son of Abraham. The absurdity of bringing the Bertie family, (who rose from low situations most honourably, and by their own merits, about three centuries ago,) in remote ages, from Bertieland in Prussia—the descent of the Lumley family derived from Adam—which occasioned James the First to say in his Scotch accent, when he saw it at Lumley Castle, in his way from the north, “*I never before ken’d what was Adam’s surname, but I noo find it was Adam Loomley*”—and so many other origins of families equally foolish and equally impossible. But we shall not be astonished at these things, when we open the old books of heraldry, and see the nonsense, not to say irreverence, with which they are filled. One of them talks of the coat armour and escutcheon borne by our Saviour. Another says with the utmost gravity, “*Abel, the second son of Adam, bore his father’s coat, quartered with that of his mother Eve, she being an heiress, viz. gules and argent; and Joseph’s coat was party per pale, argent and gules.*”^{*} And yet it is to such authors as these, that those who are weak enough to be proud of their pedigrees, look for information and instruction upon these points.

As unfortunately there exist among the British peerage individuals, for the mass is too sensible and enlightened to hold to such follies, who consider themselves as superior to other persons, not on account of their own merits or acquirements of what kind soever, but of their ancient race, we will take the trouble of examining a little into the descents of this body. Were these really as ancient and noble as they pretend, it would be no rational claim to popular respect; but where the claim, such as it is, is unfounded, the arrogance becomes doubly ridiculous. There are also among the peerage, we are sorry to say, individuals vulgar enough (for there are vulgars in all ranks) to be proud merely of their rank and titles—forgetful that “*a breath can make them as a breath has made*”—and we shall therefore add, as a word of advice to such persons, some information respecting the causes which have elevated families to the honours of the peerage. The inferior peerages of Scotland and Ireland will be also, as forming part of the whole, incidentally considered.

The Scotch peerage, apparently before the Union with England, was of a different nature from that of the rest of the British empire. The

^{*} British Compendium.

Scotch peers sat in the same chamber with the Commons, and the strange tricks which the sovereigns of that country were accustomed to play with the titles of honour, which they conferred with a most lavish hand, were of a totally different character from any thing customary in England. They granted—took back—and re-granted—created for life, or allowed of the most extensive as well as the most tortuous remainders. From the accession of James the First till the Union, the Scottish peerage was made use of, as the Irish was in later times, as an honour to be conferred on Englishmen possessing no connexion with the north of the island, but who were not thought worthy of obtaining seats in the English House of Lords. Of these kinds of creations were those of Cary, Viscount Falkland—Spencer, Viscount Teviot, created by Charles the First—Baron Churchill of Aymouth, the first title granted to John Duke of Marlborough—Osborne, Viscount Dumblane, son of the Lord Treasurer Danby—Lord Aston—Lord Fairfax—and many others. Since the Union the Scotch peerage has gained much in respectability, from the diminution of its numbers, and the impossibility of the crown to add unworthily to it. But these advantages, and many added to them, would be insufficient to counterbalance the disqualifications which accompany the possession of a Scotch title; which is presumed to deny to its bearer (unless the crown is pleased to create him an English peer, or to permit him to be elected one of the sixteen representative peers) any active career in the legislative assemblies of the nation. It has been sometimes remarked that the worst situation in which a man could be placed, would be that of being born to a Scotch peerage, and a West-Indian estate: the first giving empty rank without any of the real privileges connected with it, and the last appearing to confer a fortune, while, in fact, it only entails expense and beggary.

It may be as well to remark here, that it were much to be wished, that there existed some tribunal to which members of the Scotch peerage were obliged to apply, and make proof of their right to their honours before taking them upon them. But this unfortunately is not the case. If they presume to vote for the sixteen elected peers, they are compelled to prove their peerage, or their vote is rejected. But, of course, those who are aware they have no right to the titles by which they are pleased to designate themselves, stay away from these ceremonies, and do not tender their votes. If a Scotch peerage is of any value, it clearly ought to be restricted to those who have an undoubted right to the possession of it. But this is not the only evil or inconvenience that may result from the practice of bearing titles without a right to them. In the time of George the First, Knolles, calling himself Earl of Banbury, killed a man in a scuffle—the peers refused to try him, because they said he was not Lord Banbury—Lord Chief Justice Holt refused to try him, because he said he was a peer, and so the culprit escaped public justice. Such an event, having once happened, might undoubtedly happen again; and when to such a case of unjust immunity from punishment, are added the numerous cases of legal inconvenience which may result from a man's being allowed to call himself a peer, when he is really not one, it will probably easily be conceded that Scotch peerages should be brought to some test, as English ones are, before the possessors of them can take their seats.

It would indeed in England be an improvement, if the proof were actually compulsory, at least upon using the title, which is not the case; but the importance of a seat in the House of Lords has almost the effect of compulsion. The case of the Earldom of Newburgh, (Scotch honour,) which has been assumed by a Derbyshire country gentleman of the name of Eyre, is supposed to be one of those titles borne without sufficient grounds. It may be even doubtful whether this peerage is not altogether

extinguished; but if it exists, it would appear to belong to the family of Giustiniani. The titles of Aston and Ruthven, in the Scotch peerage, as well as some others, are supposed to labour under doubts of various kinds. The Earldom of Wemyss was borne for many years by its present possessor in the very teeth of an attainder—the validity of which, as an objection, no one can doubt, since it has been tacitly avowed by the late reversal of it by Act of Parliament. The case of Lord Wemyss and Lord Airlie were exactly similar—each traced the title through an attainted person, but who had not himself lived long enough to bear the title. Lord Airlie tried his case before the House of Lords, who rejected his claim, and he then gave up the title. Lord Wemyss preferred shining in borrowed plumes, and took the title without coming before the Lords. Surely such incongruities as these ought not to be permitted.

The same error occasionally occurs in the Irish peerage, though not so frequently as in that of Scotland. The value of a vote (the election of the Irish representative peers being more independent than that of Scotland, which is presumed to be always in the hands of the crown) is greater, and therefore the peers are more accustomed to bring their claims to the test of judicial inquiry at the bar of the Lords. Still this is not enough—and it were to be wished that in both countries a penalty was attached to the bearing of a title without proving a sufficient claim to it.

It would be also extremely desirable that the patents of creation of the Scotch peers should be examined by competent authorities. It was formerly in Scotland no uncommon case for the Scotch peers to render up their patents to the crown, who re-granted them with different remainders, but with the old precedence. In some cases, either from neglect or from the death of the party concerned, the patents were not restored or re-granted. In such cases as these, it is presumed the titles no longer exist. As a proof of the uncertain state of many Scotch patents, the case of the present Lord Lauderdale need only be mentioned. When that noble lord was anxious to obtain a seat in the House of Commons, he searched into his patents, and it has been stated, that he found he could divest himself of all his titles except one Viscounty. As he could not get rid of this one, he thought it as well to retain them all, though, if this statement be correct, he has clearly no right to bear them. Many similar instances probably exist, which it is highly necessary should be looked into.

The lengthened genealogies of which the Scotch nation are so fond, ought to be received with extreme caution. Undoubtedly there are ancient families in that country, but who can believe pedigrees, which, in an obscure and uncivilized nook of the island, profess to pierce with success and accuracy through all the darkness of the most barbarous ages. The importance which the North Britons attach to these “trumpery lists” of names is remarkable, as well as the interest which it would appear they think the public in general must feel upon the subject. One of the best exemplifications of this erroneous notion is to be found in the fact, that within the last two years, an enormous quarto volume has been published, for the sole purpose of giving the public an adequate notion of a family* dwelling in the most northern corner of Scotland.

The pedigrees of those of the Irish peers, who are supposed to be of aboriginal descent, are to the full as fabulous as those of their northern brethren. But few however of these Milesian claimants remain, and the rest of the peerage is made of mixed races—settlers at different periods of the plunder and confiscation of that unhappy island—from Strongbow down to William the Third. The Irish peerage was sadly prostituted

* The family of McKay.

for the last half century before the Union of the two kingdoms—from Sampson Gideon,* the Jew stockjobber, and old Vanneck,† down to De Blaquiere,‡ the ruined adventurer, who was made a peer at the Union in order to save his person from arrest for debt, when the Irish parliament ceased to be a protection. Mr. Pitt's first peer, created after the regulations of the Union,|| Thelluson, Lord Rendlesham, was not a very creditable one. However, the peerage has gained considerably in respectability by its diminution of numbers, and by the restrictions in creations. The great error at the Union, so far as regards the respectability of the peerage, was committed at the request of the peers themselves: it was that of allowing any future creations. Upon this point the Irish peerage should have been placed on the same footing as the Scotch. It is in no way a desirable thing to perpetuate an inferior peerage, possessed of neither privileges nor duties—a peerage, which, to use the language of Swift, “is a barren flower.” Indeed it would seem to be a ludicrous absurdity to give persons titles and patents of peerage, who have no parliament house, and no means of exercising the natural legislative duties of peers. For the peers themselves it is also clearly a bad arrangement, as it must tend to lower the value of the honours they possess, whatever that value may be.

That able French political writer, Paul Louis Courier, has the following passage, in speaking of the origin of great families in his own country:—“There is not a single noble family in France, a single family of antique origin, which does not owe its fortune to women: you understand me. The women have made all the great families: it was not, as you may well imagine, in hemming their husband's shirts, or in nursing their children. What *we* call a virtuous woman, a good mother, what we attach so much value to, a treasure for us, would be the ruin of a courtier. What would you have him do with a correct lady, without lovers, without intrigues, who, under pretence of virtue, shut up in her home, should attach herself to her husband? The poor man would see favours raining around him, and would never get any thing. There may appear other causes for the rise of noble families, such as plunder, concussions, murders, proscriptions, and above all, confiscations. But let it be looked into, and it will be seen, that not any of these means could have been used without the favour of some grandee, obtained by some woman. For to plunder, it is necessary to have offices and governments, which are only obtained through the influence of women; and it was not sufficient merely to murder Jacques Cœur, or the Maréchal d'Ancre, it was necessary, in order to have possessions, to obtain the king's good pleasure or consent; that is to say, the good pleasure and consent of the women who ruled the king or his minister. The spoils of the Huguenots, of the Frondeurs, the Traitants, and other advantages, were all favours which flowed and spread themselves by the same channels as pure as their source. In short, as there is not, never has been, and never will be, any other means of success for us plebeians than our industry; for the nobility there is also but one, and that is—prostitution; since it is necessary, my friends, to call it by its right name.”

This reproach, which, with very few exceptions, is a just one as applied to France, is not of such universal application to England; and yet a good many of our ancient peerages originated in that impure source; or in a species of favouritism, which was still worse. Of peerages which may be traced to the latter origin, were those enjoyed by the family of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; namely, the elevation of his two brothers to the titles of Earl of Anglesey, and Viscount Purbeck; and Fielding,

* Lord Eardley.

† Lord Huntingfield.

‡ Lord De Blaquiere.

|| Namely, that only one should be created for every three that are extinct, till the number is reduced to a hundred, to which it is to be kept up.

made Earl of Denbigh, and his brother made Earl of Desmond in Ireland, in consequence of the former marrying the favourite's sister. Also Cranfield, "mounted to be Earl of Middlesex, from marrying one of the Marquis of Buckingham's kindred."* And those of the at present extinct families of Hay, Earl of Carlisle, and Carr, Earl of Somerset. And in a later period, those of Sydney, Earl of Romney, and of the Earls of Portland and Albemarle. From the *favour* of women with the sovereign, proceeded the elevation to the peerage of Hamilton, Earl of Orkney; his wife was mistress to William the Third, and she also made her brother, Sir Edward Villiers, Earl of Jersey: that of Hobart, Earl of Buckinghamshire, made by his sister, Lady Suffolk, mistress of George the Second. The elevation of the illegitimate offsprings of sovereigns, comprehending several of our first peers—the creations of persons marrying the natural daughters of sovereigns, such as Lord Waldegrave, Lord Lichfield, Lennard Earl of Sussex, Paston Earl of Yarmouth, the unhappy Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, &c.—and the peerages sold by king's mistresses in different reigns.

With regard to the origin of elevations to the peerage, the older they are, the worse and more impure they would appear to be. There is no use in going back to the times of the Plantagenets or Tudors, because so few peerages still exist which were created by them; but, beginning with James the First, it is well known that all the peerages of his reign were granted either to favouritism or venality. In the beginning of his rule in England, his favourites, whom he brought with him from Scotland, sold all the titles of honour which were granted; afterwards Carr Earl of Somerset, and Hay Earl of Carlisle, obtained great sums from those who were anxious to elevate themselves; and finally, Villiers Duke of Buckingham, and still more, his infamous mother, the Countess of Buckingham, took money for peerages, as well as for every kind of court favour. It is related by contemporary writers that peerages were even forced upon rich persons, in order to get money from them; and that this was the origin of the peerage of Richard Robartes, a wealthy merchant of Truro, in the county of Cornwall, who was compelled by Buckingham to accept of the title of Lord Robartes of Truro, and to pay ten thousand pounds for it. The honour of Baronet, it is well known, was only instituted for the purpose of being sold; and so low were honours sunk, that that of Knighthood, which had been so sparingly given by Elizabeth, was compulsorily inflicted on every gentleman possessing a certain property, unless he preferred paying a fine to be excused. This honour has never recovered itself in public estimation, since it was so scurvily treated. All the titles of that date, borne by the Spencers, the Fanes, the Petres, the Arundels, the Sackvilles, the Cavendishes, the Montagus, &c. were purchased *à poids d'or*, except those that were granted to the vilest favouritism. This practice also continued through the reign of Charles the First, and was even more publicly acted upon, as the necessities of the king and his courtiers rendered the sums of money so obtained the more necessary to them. Among the noble families who appear to owe their honours to these causes, may be mentioned the Stanhopes, Tuftons, and many others. It is difficult, where the custom was so general, to select examples.

The practice of selling peerages revived very generally at the restoration; and during the reign of Charles the Second, a regular tariff was established of sums to be paid for the different degrees of peerage. This was so completely an understood thing, that in one of the letters published from the Bodleian Library, and written while Dean Fell was building the great gateway and front of Christ Church, it is mentioned that the king had been graciously pleased to give the dean an earl's

* Wilson's James the First.

patent towards the completion of the college, thereby meaning, not that he had created that ecclesiastic an earl, but that he had permitted him to sell an earldom for that purpose, which was probably equivalent to a donation of twelve thousand pounds. In James the Second's reign, the practice still prevailed. In William the Third's, a set of unworthy Dutch favourites were raised to the honours of the peerage, and they in their turn sold it to others. It was also during this reign that honours were conferred upon some of the least creditable individuals who have ever received them. Under this head would come the Dukedom of Leeds, given to Lord Danby, the Earldom of Tankerville to the notorious Ford, Lord Grey, and the Marquisate of Wharton to the notorious Thomas Lord Wharton.

In Queen Anne's time peerages were undoubtedly generally sold; and her reign was also distinguished by the profligate measure of creating *twelve peers* at once, in order to give a majority for the time to the minister. Of these there still remain, Lord Hay of Pedwardin, the English peerage of the Earl of Kinnoul, Lord Middleton, Lord Boyle of Marston, (Earl of Cork in Ireland,) and Lord Bathurst. The mistresses of George the First and Second made a traffic of peerages, and the last honours of this kind, for which it is supposed money was taken, were those created in 1747 and 1749, by Lady Yarmouth—these were Viscount Folkestone,* Lord Ponsonby of Sysonby, Lord Archer, and one or two more. Upon the subject of these peerages of Lady Yarmouth, an anecdote is related. The mistress had promised Sir Jacob Bouverie that he should be the first of *the batch*, but the minister had promised one of the other purchasers. The difficulty was got over by the minister's friend being the first Baron created, while Sir Jacob was made a Viscount, and paid twelve thousand pounds, instead of ten thousand pounds, which was paid by all the rest.

It has however been suspected, that even in our own days, a corrupt bargain was made in order to procure an additional step in the peerage to a recently ennobled peer. It is possible that the report may have been caused by its being impossible otherwise to account for the rapid rise of an obscure Worcestershire gentleman, who had only half a dozen years before, been, much to the surprise of every one, created a Baron. The fact of a bribe having been given and received on the occasion, has, however, been so much accredited in the world, and supported by so much satisfactory circumstantial evidence, that it is difficult to reject it as untrue. One of the latest trafficking transactions with regard to the creation of a peerage, was that which, according to current report, took place at the elevation of Sir Hugh Smithson, Earl of Northumberland, to be Duke of the same; and which, certainly if true, though not amounting to actual corruption, partook very much of the character of it. It has been stated, that a compact was entered into between the minister, Lord Bute, and Lord Northumberland, that the son of the latter should marry the daughter of the former, in consideration of which Northumberland was to be made a duke. Undoubtedly the marriage took place, and the dukedom followed it in very rapid succession. This took place in 1766, and since that time, without doubt, the fountain of honour has run purer than it did in any former part of our history with which we are acquainted.

The origin of Scotch and Irish peerages has not been touched upon, because, though there can be no doubt that in those corrupt days, and when those countries were even much more governed by corruption than England, similar abuses, and probably to a still greater degree, existed; yet the origin of these inferior peerages is generally so obscure,

* "The Countess of Yarmouth was inoffensive, and attentive only to please the king, and selling peerages wherever she had an opportunity. She touched twelve thousand for Sir Jacob Bouverie's coronet."—WALPOLE.

that it is impossible to trace them satisfactorily. Thus then it would appear that those who are proud of their old peerages, are for the most part proud of what was acquired by corruption, favouritism, or prostitution—that the older they are, in general, the more corrupt is their source—and that the only period in which, as it would appear, peerages have been generally given, either for merits, services, station in the country, or ancient family, is during the modern reign of George the Third. Even during that reign the peerage was, especially during the administrations of Mr. Pitt, sadly lavished; but still those, who have during that time received their honours, may at all events regard them, without blushing for the source from whence they originated.

It remains for us to take a cursory view of the descents of families at present enjoying the honours of the peerage, and we will begin with those in whom the absence of all claim to ancestry is so obvious, that no difference of opinion upon the subject can exist.

The peers descended from bastards of kings, or royal persons, are the following—the Dukes of Richmond, Grafton, St. Albans, Buccleuch, and Lord Southampton—all descended from that estimable monarch, Charles the Second; the Earl of Rochford descended from a bastard of one of the Princes of Orange; the Earl of Moray descended by a female heiress of the title from the Regent Murray, the natural son of James the Fifth, King of Scotland; and the Marquis of Bute, and Lords Wharncliffe and Stuart de Rothesay, from a bastard of Robert the Second, King of Scotland.

From bastards of subjects are descended the Duke of Beaufort, Earls of Pembroke and Carnarvon,* Earl of Bridgewater, (the Chancellor Ellesmere was the illegitimate son of Sir John Egerton, of Ridley, in Cheshire,) Earl of Hardwicke. Horace Walpole states, and the assertion has never been disproved, that the Chancellor Hardwicke was the natural son of an attorney at Dover. Viscount Beresford, Lord Bolton, Stewart Earl of Traquair descended from an illegitimate son of an Earl of Buchan, Earl of Dysart, and Lord Waterpark.

Next to the illegitimate descents should be placed those originating in trade or in very low beginnings; these are very numerous, and the following list is only offered as a sample of them:—The Duke of Leeds, whose descent from an apprentice to a cloth-weaver is well known; the Duke of Dorset, in his female descent from the Cranfields, Earls of Middlesex, whose titles he possesses, traces from a city fortune acquired by trade. As do also the following peers:—Earl of Dartmouth, whose ancestor was a skinner; Earl of Essex, whose ancestor was a draper; Earl of Pomfret, Earl of Coventry, Earl of Radnor, Earl Bathurst, Earl of Craven, Earl of Romney, Earl Fitzwilliam, Earl of Dudley, Lord Dormer, and Lord Ducie.† The Marquisses of Exeter and Salisbury descend alike from the great Lord Burghley, who was in early life a village schoolmaster. (See Aubrey's "Collections for the Lives of Eminent Men.") The Marquisses of Lansdowne and Stafford, in their descents by females, (through whom they also derive their fortunes,) from Petty and Leveson, spring from trade; while their male ancestors, the Fitzmaurices and Gowers, were among the most ancient of our gentry, and the former, indeed, in very early times, a great family.

Under the same head may be mentioned the Earls of Lindsey and Abingdon, Earl of Ilchester and Lord Holland, Earl of Malmsbury, Earl of Harrowby, Earl of Eldon and Lord Stowell, Earl of Harewood, Earl of Morley, Earl of Mulgrave, Viscount Sidmouth, Viscount Anson, Lord King, Lord Dundas, Lord Ellenborough, (whose great-grandfather, it is

* The Somersets and Herberts have become undoubtedly very celebrated since they were ennobled, but this circumstance does not alter their descent.

† For the origin of most of these families, see PENNANT'S *London*.

stated, kept a small retail shop in the village of Ellenborough, in the North of England,) Lord Feversham, (descended from the scrivener in the reign of Queen Anne,) Lord Carrington, Lord Gifford, the Marquis of Headfort and Lord Longford, Marquis of Londonderry, (understood to be descended from a North of Ireland attorney, whose father is said to have been a Scotch pedlar,) Viscount Melbourne, Earl of Milltown, Viscount Allen, (for the pedigree of these two latter peers see Swift; Lord Milltown's ancestor was a brewer, Lord Allen's a mason,) Viscount Castlemaine, Lord Cloncurry, Lord Ranccliffe, Lord Huntingfield, Lord Ventry, Lord Rendlesham, and Lord Bloomfield.

The illustration of the Wellesleys has been great, and in some ways unexampled in this our day, and they can therefore the better afford to be included in this list, which we believe must be the case, as it would appear that the family of Wesley* sprung from small beginnings. Indeed, if any thing were wanted to prove the recent rise of this family, it would be the voluntary change of name adopted by them about half a century ago, namely, from Wesley to Wellesley. No one, it is presumed, would change an ancient name, or one indeed that had any pretensions to be so, for a more euphonious one; and in the present case, no advantage even of this kind was gained, Wellesley being considerably more difficult, and less agreeable of pronunciation than Wesley. The descent, however, of this family from the Colleys or Cooleys is sufficiently respectable. The illustrious deeds of the Duke of Wellington, and the talents of Lord Wellesley, would have sufficed to ennoble and to illustrate any name, however obscure. But the most remarkable circumstance in this family, as connected with our present inquiries respecting peerages, is the singular fact of *four* brothers sitting at once, in the persons of the Duke of Wellington, Marquis Wellesley, Lords Maryborough and Cowley, in the English House of Lords.

These travestissements of name would seem peculiarly to belong to the sister country, for another Irish family of the name of Morres, Viscount Mountmorres, has lately adopted in all its branches the illustrious French name of Montmorency, and claims its descent from that family. In order to support this very ambitious and improbable claim, the family has inserted in one of our modern peerages a long and involved statement of their genealogy, which commences with the following modest sentence:—"This family is proved from unquestionable authority, historical, legal, and monumental, and by the testimony of celebrated French and English genealogists, to derive in the direct male line from the ancient sires or barons of Montmorency, in France, from an elder son of which house the Dukes of Montmorency, of Luxembourg, of Beaumont, and of Laval, *pretend to deduce their origin.*"† That is to say, that the descent of the Lavals, &c. is a mere pretence, while that of an obscure Tipperary family, who, after the fashion of Ireland, being named Morres, called their residence Mount-Morres, are the undoubted representatives of the best blood in France.

The next descents to be touched upon are those which originate in lawyers, who have raised themselves to eminent situations by their talents, and have thus founded noble families. This undoubtedly, in the eye of reason, is a very honourable kind of descent, though the heralds are accustomed to look down upon it; and though in France the expression of "*Une famille de la Robe*" was supposed to convey the most profound expression of contempt towards the race so designated. In Germany, from whence many of our silly notions with regard to families have been borrowed, a similar feeling also prevails. At the head of the families of the English peerage, who have risen by the profession of the law,

* They are said to have been grocers in Dublin.

† Debrett's Peerage.

must, we believe, be placed the illustrious, the historical family of Howard, who descend from a Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reigns of Edward I. and II. Of this noble race there now exist four branches possessed of peerages—the Duke of Norfolk, Earls of Suffolk and Carlisle, and Lord Howard of Effingham. The title of Lord Howard de Walden has gone through so many families, that the portion of Howard blood in the veins of its present possessor can hardly entitle him to be numbered with the family. The Montagus, Dukes of Manchester and Earls of Sandwich, descend from a Chief Justice of the King's Bench, *temp.* Henry VIII. The Dukes of Montagu and Earls of Halifax, now extinct, also descended from the same person. The Marquis Camden's descent from a Chief Justice in the reign of George I. is well known. The Earls of Winchilsea and Aylesford, Earls of Coventry, Cowper, Macclesfield, Harcourt, Bathurst, Shaftesbury, Fortescue, Verulam, Bradford, Rosslyn, Harrowby, Brownlow, Somers, Bridgewater, Hardwicke, Buckinghamshire, Lords Montfort, Walsingham, King, Grantley, Kenyon, Ellenborough, Redesdale, Colchester, Gifford, Eldon and Stowell, Lyndhurst, Tenterden, Plunkett, Wynford. In Scotland, the Earls of Stair, Rosebery, Aberdeen, Hopetoun, Balcarras, Elgin, &c. &c. owe their honours to the legal profession; and in Ireland, among the titles and families derivable from the same source may be mentioned Ely, Clonmell, Clare, Roden, Middleton, Lifford, Avonmore, Kilwarden, Norbury, and Downes.

Of the remainder of the peerage, some few undoubtedly descend from names historical and distinguished in our history. Such are the Howards already mentioned, the Nevilles, the Greys, especially where that great name has descended in all its purity and in the male line, as in the case of the Earls of Stamford, the Stanleys, the Talbots, the Cliffords, and the Sackvilles. In Scotland, the Hamiltons, Douglasses, Campbells, Stuarts, and Gordons. In Ireland, the Fitz-Geralds and Fitz-Maurices, the great house of Butler, and the O'Bryens and O'Neills. A few more trace their origin unspotted from ancient gentry. Some have risen at once to great rank and eminence from accidental circumstances, like the Seymours and the Russells, but far the greater number trace obscurely, and with difficulty, through a few doubtful generations, till civil services, military or naval exploits, court favour, or borough interest, have at length called them into notice.

We therefore, in conclusion, return to the point from whence we set out at the commencement of this article, and to the opinion which we then delivered—namely, that the British peerage has less of the boast of ancestry to be proud of than any of the other orders of nobility of civilized Europe—that it is essentially plebeian in its origin and alliances—while at the same time it is, upon the whole, and probably from these very causes, the most enlightened and the least prejudiced aristocracy of which the world has as yet furnished us with an example.

FLORETTA;

OR, THE FIRST LOVE OF HENRY IV.

THE historical incident, on which the following tale is founded, is related in the Chronicles of Nerac :—

At Nerac, a neat little town in the province of Gascony, a great festival was being celebrated, in honour of the visit which Charles IX., king of France, attended by his whole court, was then paying to the court of Navarre.

Amongst the number of those who accompanied the king was young Henry, prince of Bearn, and son of the Queen of Navarre, who had hitherto received his education at the court of Paris. Although only fifteen years of age, he was as tall as most other youths at eighteen. He had as yet scarcely a sign of down on his chin, but his heart was as stout as the sword he carried, and his hands hard and strong, through the laborious work to which he had always accustomed himself. He was rather a wild youth; rode, hunted, fenced, and danced, equal to any at court, and climbed amongst the mountains and rocks like a kid. It was, however, impossible not to like the young prince—he was so amiable, so lively, and so good-natured; and when sometimes a little more extravagant in his behaviour than at others, it required but few words to remind him of his duty, and he became again as quiet as a lamb, which in a youth, heir to a throne, was scarcely to be expected.

The people of Nerac, therefore, took more delight in gazing on the beautiful and innocent Henry than on all the pomp of majesty; their regards were fixed on him who was deserving of the highest honours, rather than on him to whom they were paid. The king went about gravely and majestically, seldom condescending to return any of the salutations with which he was greeted, whilst Henry acknowledged them, right and left, with a smile; and then in his smile there was so much grace and loveliness, at least such was the unanimous opinion of the maids of Nerac, who were, no doubt, very competent judges in the matter.

It is true that in the retinue of the king there were several brave and handsome young men, and amongst others the Duke de Guise, about three years older than the Prince of Bearn. But he was regarded in a friendly manner, merely because he behaved so to others. The young duke was well aware of this, which most probably added to the dislike he already bore to the Queen of Navarre's son. Although they had both been brought up together at Paris as play-fellows and companions in youth, they had still never been able to agree for any length of time, which the King of France perceiving, and having almost constant employment in settling their little disputes, at length determined they should separate, and that Henry should go to reside with his mother.

Amongst the other amusements on this occasion, shooting with the cross-bow was one, at which the king himself was unhappily very expert. It is well known how, six years afterwards, at the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew, he shot at the Huguenots, his own subjects. At Nerac, however, the game was certainly a little more harmless—an orange, placed at a proper distance, having been chosen for the mark.

Whenever kings or princes value themselves upon excelling in a particular art, there are few persons so presumptuous as to be able to surpass them. Not a courtier dared to hit the golden fruit with the arrow, in order not to deprive the king of the glory, or rather the vain notion of

being the best shooter with the cross-bow in the kingdom. The Duke de Guise was also an excellent marksman, but at the same time an excellent courtier. His arrow flew, of course, far from the mark. There were many spectators, both from the palace and the town, who really believed that the king excelled all his courtiers, as his arrow had flown the nearest, and almost grazed the orange. They were, however, as yet ignorant of the manner of shooting, as practised at courts.

Suddenly there was a cry of "Now for the Prince of Bearn!" Young Henry stepped forward with his cross-bow, and, taking aim, at one shot split the golden mark exactly in the middle. A murmur of applause arose among the spectators; the ladies, smiling, whispered something into each other's ear: the king looked, however, black, and was little pleased with the skill young Henry had displayed.

According to the rules of the game, the Prince of Bearn wanted to begin again, and have the first aim at the fresh orange, that had been stuck up as the mark. This was opposed by Charles, who determined not to be deprived of his assumed prerogative, exclaimed, "We must go on in the usual order." "Certainly," said Henry, "according to the rules of the game." Kings, however, when angry, seldom deign to accustom themselves to any rule. As Henry, notwithstanding, again stepped forward to take aim, he was rudely pushed back by the king; the young prince, naturally impetuous, started back a few paces, and bending the string of his bow, took aim with his arrow at Charles.

His majesty, dreadfully alarmed, ran away, and sheltered himself behind one of the stoutest of his courtiers, who, fancying the arrow already in his body, cried out "*meurtre!*" at the same time placing his broad hands before his stomach, as if to keep off the deadly weapon. Henry, although very much enraged, burst out into a loud laugh at the sight of the little stout man standing before the king in such a trembling attitude. The maids and women of Nerac, seeing the young prince laugh so lustily, began also to titter; and their example was soon followed by all except the courtiers, who scarcely knew what sort of a face to make up on the occasion. But the king, who was as little inclined to laugh as his broad-backed courtier, cried out from behind his refuge-place, in an angry tone, "Bring away the Prince of Bearn." Luckily, however, Lagaucherie, Henry's preceptor, was at hand, who led him away by the arm to the palace.

This little quarrel between Charles and the young prince led, of course, to no serious consequences. Henry, who was a thoughtless young fellow, was obliged to crave pardon of the king, and the matter was settled.

On the morrow the same company assembled again, to shoot with the cross-bow at the same kind of mark as on the preceding day. All the maids, ladies, and men of Nerac were present, and the number of spectators was much greater than before, in the hopes of again having something to laugh at. The king, however, did not attend this day, but remained, under some pretext or other, at the palace.

This time all the shooters took much better aim than on the preceding day: the good people of Nerac could not at all conceive how they had become so expert in one night. The mark was removed farther, nevertheless all the oranges were soon hit off. The young Duke de Guise in particular distinguished himself by his skill; the last orange that was left having been placed up at the mark, he took aim, and split it in halves.

Henry was very much disappointed at all the oranges being gone, as he had had such a particular wish to have a trial in skill with his young rival. He looked right and left, to try to discover something that would serve as a mark to his arrow, but in vain. At last he descried amongst the spectators a young girl of about the same age as himself, a perfect model of beauty. She stood there looking on the festive scene in simple

attire, with her lovely innocent face half-shadowed by her bonnet. Henry hastily went up to the little beauty of Nerac, not that it was her that he wanted as a mark for his arrow, but the rose which she wore at her bosom. Henry asked her for the flower, and blushing she gave him the image of herself. He hastened with it to the target, and sticking it up as a mark, ran back to the shooting-house.

"Now, duke," exclaimed the prince, panting, "you are the winner, there's another mark for you, and 'tis yours to have the first aim;" at the same time sucking blood from his wounded finger, which he had scratched with a thorn of the rose.

The duke took aim, let fly, and missed. Henry, stepping forward, took aim, and casting a glance over his arm to the side where stood the little beauty, and then another on the rose, let fly, and the arrow pierced the heart of the flower.

"Won," cried Guise. But the young prince, wishing to be convinced of his success, ran up to the target, and drawing the arrow out of the wood, found the pierced rose clinging round it, as to a stalk. He hastened with it to the lovely girl from whom he had stolen the flower, and with a gentle bow offered her the rose and the victorious arrow together.

"Your present has proved very lucky to me," said the prince.

"But your luck has been the ruin of my poor rose," replied the girl, trying at the same time to loosen the flower from the arrow.

"For that I will willingly leave you the guilty dart."

"I have no occasion for it," returned the girl.

"That I believe," replied Henry; "you wound with sharper darts," at the same time steadfastly regarding the beautiful innocent who stood before him. He blushed as well as she, and held his hand involuntarily to his breast, as if to preserve it from some disaster. Unable to utter another word, he bowed, and went back to his companions.

The game was already over; the courtiers returned to the palace, which was situate on the sloping plain on the banks of the Blaïze, and the spectators and common people soon after dispersed. The young fair one also went away with the rose at the tip of the arrow, along with her companions, who seemed to be envious of her. She walked, however, quite sorrowfully and silently along, regarding nothing but the pierced rose, and looked as if the heart within her had shared a similar fate.

Henry having arrived at the palace with the rest of the shooters, turned round once more to look at the crowd, which was now dispersing in all directions, but without discovering the object of his search.

"And who, pray, is that pretty little girl whom I took the rose from just now?" said Henry to one of the noblemen of the queen, his mother.

"She is the daughter of the gardener of the palace," replied the other, "and does equal credit to her father as to herself."

"What's her name, then?"

"At present Floretta, but when she's older, Flora."

"Floretta!" exclaimed Henry, scarcely knowing what he was saying, and gave another look round, although conscious there was nothing there for him to see.

Often had Henry in his lifetime heard the word "love," and how could he well help hearing it at such a court as that of Paris? But hitherto he had but little understood its meaning: at present, however, he found not much difficulty in understanding it, and in his after life became more experienced in it than was creditable to his glory. The battles and victories, by which he afterwards gained the throne of France, were not half so difficult to enumerate as his amours. Even at the present day the villagers sing of the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrée, of the charming Henriette d'Entraques, of Jacqueline de Beuil, and of others who twined

roses round the thorny life of Henry of France ; and yet among all those whom he had ever loved, there was not one like Floretta of Nerac,—not one so beautiful or so lovely, if the degree of loveliness is at all raised by being more worthy of being loved, on account of a true return.

Such was Floretta : together with the rose, her heart had been pierced, and when Henry gave her the dart, her dark and fiery eye cast another into his unguarded breast.

Such was the beginning of the misfortunes of these two children. Neither of them knew what had happened to them. Floretta was buried the live-long day in dreams of the moment when the young prince stood before her with the arrow, and her nights were sleepless. As soon as Henry could get away from the palace, he ran round the garden, viewing all the flowers with the greatest attention, in order to ascertain, by their beauty, whether they had been planted, or even watered by Floretta. To see him there with his arms folded, standing so thoughtfully by the side of the flower-beds, one would have supposed he was about to turn botanist. At another time, when immersed in thought, and wandering up and down between the beds with his eyes fixed on the ground, he might have been taken for some adept searching after the philosopher's stone. Henry, however, was only trying to discover in the gravel-paths the footsteps of his beautiful Floretta.

When arrived at the end of the garden, near the spring of La Garenne, a trembling ran through his body as he discerned footsteps which could be no other than hers. It is true, he had as yet not even seen Floretta's feet, much less measured them ; but then he was possessed of the truest eye and the finest powers of calculation, as he in after life proved on many a battle field. Following the trace, he at last arrived at a small wooden bridge thrown over the brook of Blaïze. On the other side of the streamlet stood a neat little cottage, which he approached, wishing to know who lived in it, but could find no one there to inform him. At last he discovered in one corner of the window his own arrow, with the rose still clinging round it. He started back at the sight, and with a panting heart hastened again into the garden.

In the evening he visited the spot again ; it was already nearly dark, but Henry's eyesight was keen. At a distance he discovered a girl at the spring of La Garenne, whom, from her size, he took to be no other than Floretta. She drew up a bucket of water, and lifting it on her head, went through the thicket over the little bridge to the cottage.

That evening there was a ball given at the palace, at which the princesses and the ladies of the court were all present ; but in the eyes of the young prince there was not one that stepped so prettily as the little gardener-girl, with the bucket on her head. Afterwards, when he arose to dance himself, his looks rested less on his fair partner than at the door where the spectators were standing.

The next morning Henry was up with the lark, and went out with the spade on his shoulder to the spring, which, in his opinion, had too wild and neglected an appearance round about, probably because no one ever went there unless to fetch water, as it was so far from the palace. He set about digging a large circle in the green turf around it, and continued at it the whole morning, until the perspiration actually ran from his forehead. At last, when tired and thirsty, he went to the spring, and thought no wine ever half so delicious. He then hastened back to the palace, and went up melancholy into his room.

Had he remained there only a quarter of an hour longer, he would have been discovered by Floretta, who came as usual with her bucket. Seeing the circle that had been made round the spring, she said to herself, " Father must have been up very early this morning, or I wonder whether he ordered the men to do this."

When she came home, she mentioned what she had seen to old Lucas, her father, who seemed very much surprised at his having heard nothing about it. He went himself to the spot, and seeing what had been done, exclaimed angrily, "My men have been doing this now without my orders." He had them all brought before him, but each stoutly denied knowing any thing about the matter. Old Lucas shook his head, and as he could not at all conceive who had presumed to meddle with his office of gardener to the court, determined to be on the look-out himself; he watched, therefore, the whole day, but all his watching turned out in vain.

The following morning, the young prince went to the spring again at the same time, and began digging and raking the new beds even; then taking flower-roots from several parts of the garden, where they were too thick, he set them in a circle round the spring. He saw nobody all the time he was at work, and what was worse, no one saw him, at least not the person by whom he wished to be seen; he therefore resolved to make the best of his way back to the palace; the nearest road, however, happened to be a by-way that led past a certain neat little cottage. He cast a glance up at the window, and there discovered the lovely girl. The window was open, and Floretta standing at it, binding the long tresses of her raven-hair round her head. Flowers lay scattered on the window before her, which she had most probably intended for a place in her bonnet, or at her bosom. Henry greeted her at the window, and she returned the salutation; then mounting on a little bench that was before the house, he was nearly as high as Floretta, before whom he now stood quite close to the window.

A beautiful crimson, like a reflection from the morning clouds, instantly spread over her face and alabaster neck. "Shall I assist you in dressing?" said Henry. "What, are you up so early, my young lord?" returned Floretta. Henry did not consider it at all early, and she did not consider she needed any of his assistance. In his opinion, she required no other ornament to set her off than her own charms; and in her opinion he was only laughing at her, which was not at all becoming in him. Henry affirmed he had never spoken more truly in his life, and had never been able to forget her since she gave him the rose, which he regretted ever having returned, as he should have preferred keeping it as a token from her; and she regretted that the flowers then lying before her on the window were bad, but she would readily give him all if he had any wish for them. Henry asserted, whilst putting some of them in his breast, that the worst flowers received their worth from the giver; and she, on the other hand, began to think the flowers looked very pretty, now that he had placed them in his bosom.

Thus were these two thinking, and asserting, and regretting a great many more things, when old Lucas called Floretta into the adjoining room. Bowing with a sweet smile to the young prince, she disappeared. Henry returned to the palace, but with steps so light, that he seemed scarcely to feel the ground under his feet.

When old Lucas went home at mid-day from the garden to dinner, he exclaimed, "I should like to know who it can be that is playing me these tricks; that unknown gardener has been there again this morning, and parted and raked the beds, and actually begun to set some of them with flowers. I went out very early this morning on purpose, but the work was already done, and no one to be seen. I have been waiting there again the whole morning, but to no purpose. I don't know what to make of the matter; it may be, though, that he works at night by moon-light."

When Floretta went, as usual, in the evening to fetch water from the spring, it first occurred to her that the unknown gardener might be no other than the young prince, as it was from that direction she had seen him come to her in the morning to the window.

In the evening, after sunset, when the court had returned from some of the many festivities that were then daily taking place, Henry hastened into the garden to the spring, where he found Floretta's bonnet lying on the ground; he took it up, and, pressing it to his lips, kissed it. He then plucked in the twilight the most beautiful flowers he could find, and fetching from the palace a handsome sky-blue ribbon, twined the flowers in a sort of wreath round her bonnet. He went to old Lucas's cottage, but finding that they were all in bed, and the windows closed, he hung it outside on the shutter.

The next morning Floretta rose much earlier than usual, being determined to find out this midnight gardener, and discover him to her father. There might, however, have been a little curiosity, as well as a little of something else, mixed up with this wish, but which, of course, she mentioned to no one.

Having dressed herself as quietly as possible, she opened the window, when she discovered her bonnet hanging outside, with the wreath around it. Now it first occurred to her that she had left it the previous evening at the spring. She smiled at seeing the flowers and the ribbon, but then all at once making a sorrowful face, "Ah!" sighed she, "he must have been up earlier than I was this morning, as he has been here already."

Who it was that she meant by "he," she did not say. She looked at the flowers again, and taking them off, placed them in a jug of clean water; and then rolling up the ribbon, put it by along with her other simple finery: then going to the window, she got out on the little bench that was outside, and jumped to the ground. There was a proper house-door to the cottage, but she was afraid to open that, on account of the possibility of awakening her father.

Having passed the little bridge over the stream, she stopped all at once, hesitating whether to proceed or turn back. "I am certainly too late," thought she to herself; "father says he works only by moon-light; now the moon is gone down, and the sun is on the point of rising. But if he should really happen to be there, what would he think of my coming out so early? he'd suppose that it was on his account, and I should not like him to do that. No, I'll go back for my bucket, and pretend as if going for some water, and then he'll not suspect what I really came for." Such were the thoughts that then occupied Floretta, when she made up her mind to turn back; her resolution, however, was but weak, as she still kept going onwards to the spring.

She was already so near, that she heard the splashing of the water, and saw through the thicket the beds that had been so recently dug. With a tremulous joy she also saw a spade sticking in the earth close by.

"So he himself can't be far off," thought Floretta, "as he has left his things here. Perhaps he's only gone to get some flower roots. I'll hide myself, and watch him." She then went softly behind a coppice of elm, from which she could see unperceived every body that approached to the spring.

Whilst she was standing there concealed, her timorous heart began to beat terribly, as at every rustling of the leaves she fancied she saw some one coming. Her terror, however, was needless, as no one as yet appeared.

After she had been standing there some time, some one stole softly behind her, and holding her eyes bound with two hands, whispered into her ear, "Now, Floretta, guess who it is."

She soon guessed it, for in trying to remove the strange hands from her eyes, she felt a ring on one of the fingers. She did not, however, utter what she thought, but exclaimed, laughing, "Ah, I know you, Jacqueline, by the ring on the finger you received from Lubin."

"Wrong!" whispered the voice behind her. "And as you can't guess who I am, I think I have a right to punish you." And with that the lips

that had been thus whispering to her imprinted a kiss on her beautiful neck. She tried to get loose, but finding herself so entangled that all her efforts were in vain, exclaimed, "Let me loose, Minette, you wicked girl. I know you now. You want to revenge upon me the trick I played you three weeks ago, in binding your eyes whilst chattering with Colas."

"Wrong again!" whispered the voice behind her, at the same time repeating the punishment on her gently-bent neck.

Floretta panted at every kiss she received, and begged to be let loose, but in vain. It did not seem, however, as if she cared much about her liberty; it might have been obstinacy, as pretty girls have often a very strong inclination that way. Be that as it may, she provoked a third time a repetition of the punishment, and exclaimed, "O, so it is no other than Rosine Valdes, the wickedest creature in the whole town, whom I covered yesterday with almond-leaves whilst sitting alone at the window, thinking on the Lord knows who."

"Again far from the mark," whispered the voice behind her, and the kisses on her neck were redoubled beyond counting. In the bustle, however, Floretta contrived to slip her head downwards, and get free. She turned round; when, seeing Henry standing there, she raised bashfully her little hand, at the same time exclaiming with a smile, "Could I have supposed, sir, that you would have behaved so rudely?"

Henry hastily begged pardon for his rudeness, which would have been instantly granted, had he not done so. But because he asked to be forgiven, Floretta thought immediately he did not deserve it, and turned half away from him. Henry advanced submissively a step forwards, and Floretta receded another back; the one clasped his hands together as if in prayer, whilst the other, with her head down, kept plucking at the leaves of the hedge, and tearing off the buds. At last Floretta felt herself so much grieved by his boldness, that tears came into her eyes. Henry spoke to her, but she pretended not to hear him, amusing herself all the while with the leaves in her hand.

At last, perceiving that all his efforts were in vain, Henry exclaimed, "Well, beautiful Floretta, if the sight of me is so hateful to you—if you are so implacable, and cannot pardon a joke, I'll leave you, and never more return. Farewell! but do not send me away without giving me one consolation, which is, that you are not angry with me. Do but say those few words, 'I am not angry,'" at the same time bending on his knee before her.

Floretta looked down smilingly through her tears on the beautiful youth, who with his clasped hands appeared to her by far too supplicating. She could not help laughing at his posture, when, taking both her hands full of leaves, she threw them over his head, so that he was completely covered, and then jumped exultingly away.

Henry hastened after her, and soon overtook her, when they both became merry again. "Now, confess to me, young sir," exclaimed Floretta, "'tis you that have been encroaching upon my father's office, by digging a new garden round the spring." Henry confessed it readily. "Whenever Floretta goes to the spring of La Garenne," said he, "she shall remember me, even against her will; there I will encircle her with the prettiest flowers I can either find or procure. Would that I could procure all the joys of heaven, even with them would I encircle her!"

"Very pretty, young sir," answered Floretta; "but father is not at all pleased at your disturbing his garden, and transplanting the flowers before their time, and letting them die. You don't even water them."

"I had no watering-can."

"That you might easily have found a few paces from hence, at the entrance of the grotto, if you had given yourself the trouble to look for it."

With that they both flew to the place where the watering-pot was

standing, and began to water the flowers together, and deliberate how the circle Henry had been digging might be beautified.

In this manner the time soon flew away, and Floretta hastened back to her father's cottage.

The young prince now amused himself all day at working at his new garden plantation, in which he was assisted by old Lucas. Nor was Floretta absent, for she went up and down talking and giving her advice about the new plants, and watering the beds at the same time. Even the queen honoured them sometimes with a visit, to see what her son was doing. As for the King of France, he had little taste for such matters, and the Duke of Guise still less.

Often in later days had Henry more splendid and more glorious amusements, but surely none so sweet as those which he passed in the simplicity and quiet of his gardener-life, rendered so charming by the magic of first love. He and Floretta looked upon each other with the unrestrained pleasure arising from innocence; they played together like children, and were as familiar as brother and sister. They enjoyed the present without concerning themselves about the future, and their innocent passion never dreamt of any bounds. Floretta never gave it a thought that she was loved by the son of a queen, regarding in Henry only the blooming and manly youth. It was the same with the young prince. In his grey jacket, and the same simple dress which the other country-people wore, there was nothing which called to mind his high descent, and made him anticipate his future destination. He troubled himself little about the great, and the beauties of the court; by the side of his Floretta nothing appeared beautiful, and nothing great compared with his rapture in seeing her. Whilst at work, his eye always rested on her beautiful figure, by which, however, the work was often neglected, or turned out rather bad. But who could refrain from looking on the lovely girl? Every part of her body was a separate beauty; every movement, every turn, graceful; and every word that fell from her lips full of inexpressible power to him. There was one thing, however, they discovered, which pleased neither of them very much, and that was, that the days they passed together *in* the garden were much shorter than those *out* of the garden: to obviate this, they determined to encroach upon the night, although they knew they would not be able to do any thing at that time; they thought, however, they might sit down and rest themselves, and in the mean time chatter and prattle comfortably together.

"I shall be here at the spring at nine this evening," said Henry softly to Floretta, whilst kneeling by her side setting some flowers. "Will you, Floretta?"

"My father goes to bed at that time," answered she.

"Will you, Floretta?" he whispered again, looking at her beseechingly.

"Well, then, if it's a fine clear evening, I will," added she, nodding assent with her little head.

At nine o'clock precisely, Henry was at the spring of La Garenne. The sky was overcast, and Floretta not there. "If it's a fine clear evening, she said. Now she'll not come," thought Henry to himself. On a sudden there was a rustling through the leaves, and Floretta stood before him with the bucket on her head. He took it off for her, and thanking her, made use of a thousand tender expressions, forgetting all the while that the sky was so clouded. At first a few big drops of rain began to fall, without their perceiving it; afterwards the warm May rain wetted them more and more, until they were obliged to take shelter in the grotto behind the spring, where they waited for upwards of half an hour. This little disaster they bore without murmuring, and as soon as the moon broke out again through the clouds, they came forth hand in hand. Henry filled the bucket with water, and carried it on his head, whilst

Floretta walked by his side, leaning on his arm. At last they came to the cottage of old Lucas, who was already in bed. Henry gave the bucket to Floretta, who thanked him kindly for his trouble. "Good night, sweet Floretta," exclaimed Henry. "Good night, dear Henry," replied Floretta.

The evening at the spring never appeared to either of them to be very tedious. Whether fine or wet, they never failed to be there at the appointed hour.

In this manner they passed away together a month of a most lovely spring. Every evening the young prince carried the bucket of his mistress to the cottage.

Floretta's father never once perceived that his daughter always had such a desire to go for the water so late. The prudent Lagaucherie, however, at length discovered that his royal pupil absented himself from the palace regularly every evening as soon as it began to be dark, and that the crown of his cap was always wet on his return, whether it had been raining or not. For a long time he was totally unable to solve the enigma, and as the young prince never mentioned the circumstance, Lagaucherie abstained from asking him. His curiosity, however, at length became so excited, that he determined one evening to watch the young prince's movements. He followed him at a distance, so that he could not be perceived, and at last saw him stop at the spring of La Garrenne, and a female figure standing by his side. Both all at once disappeared. A part of the enigma was now solved, but still the tutor could not divine how the young prince's cap became so wet. Having waited a considerable time, he stole nearer and nearer, until he heard them whispering to each other. At last he saw the young prince with a bucket of water on his head, and the female leaning on his arm, go in the direction of the gardener's cottage, and from thence return as fast as he could to the palace. At this the mentor shook his head suspiciously, and determined to impart in secrecy to the queen what he had seen. The prince's mother, on hearing it, was very much embarrassed at the circumstance, and was on the point of calling for young Henry, to lecture him on the subject.

"No, gracious madam," exclaimed the prudent Lagaucherie, "passions are not to be subdued by lectures. Punishments and persecutions only tend to inflame them; by confining the stream, you only swell it the more. Temptations are to be overcome by separation from the enticing object, and passions subdued by withdrawing the nourishment that supports them, or by raising others more noble in opposition."

Such were the sentiments of Lagaucherie. The queen entirely approving of his views, concerted with him the measures necessary to be taken.

The next morning the tutor entered the young prince's apartment, and began to remind him of what the world expected from him; that he must now think of rendering himself fit hereafter to become a ruler; that when fighting, either with the crosses of fate, or with his own inclinations, or with enemies in the field, he must have only one device, the foundation of all glory, namely—*to conquer or to die!*

After this introduction, Lagaucherie informed him, seemingly quite as a matter of course, that the queen, his mother, would repair in a few days with the whole of her court to the Castle of Pau, Henry's native place, where, after remaining for a short time, he would have to travel onwards to Bayonne, to be there present at the interview about to take place between the King of France and the Queen of Spain.

Henry heard what his preceptor had to say to him without uttering a word, but betrayed great uneasiness in his looks, which Lagaucherie perceived, although he pretended not to notice it. Then turning quite

unconcernedly the conversation to other subjects, the preceptor diverted the prince's attention by relating to him all the news he had heard of late, and thereby scarcely allowing him time to think of that which was uppermost in his mind, and such a source of uneasiness to him. The queen followed Lagaucherie's example, and talked a great deal about the splendid assembly there would be at Bayonne, about the festivals that would then take place, and the celebrated characters Henry would there see. What could the young prince reply; he could not think of remaining at Nerac alone? How could he say that the interview of Love at the spring of La Garenne was to him infinitely more welcome than the interview of royalty at Bayonne.

With the appearance of the evening star in the heavens, Henry stood by the spring of La Garenne, where he was soon accompanied by the light-hearted Floretta; but when he informed her of their approaching separation, she was almost ready to die with grief. Who could paint her despair—who describe the sufferings of Henry? Embracing each other closely, they wept complaining of their bitter fate, and at the same time trying to instil into each other that comfort, of which they both stood so much in need.

"So now you are going to desert me, Henry," she exclaimed, sobbing; "you will soon forget poor Floretta, and I shall be alone on the earth. Now that you are going, I shall have nothing in this world to look forward to but death!"

"But," exclaimed Henry, "I shall not leave thee for ever; I shall soon return, and to whom do I belong if not to thee? Am I not wholly and for ever thine? What should I ever retain in my memory were I to forget thee? Thou art the life of my sweetest recollections, and before I lose thee out of my memory I shall lose my very existence."

"O Henry! you will return no more; and if you should, you will not know Floretta."

"Alas, Floretta! thou art much happier than I am. Here the scene of our happiness, this garden and this spring, will remain open to thee. To-morrow, when I have lost thee, I shall be thrust out of paradise—a wanderer in another world; in a desert, solitary amongst thousands. For that reason will my heart yearn after thee the more. When far away, one single flower that had but blossomed at the foot of this fountain would transport me with rapture. When I am hated or feared by those that surround me, thou wilt be loved, be idolized by others. Other men will see thee, and worship thee; and those, perhaps, thou wilt think more lovely than me!"

Thus they were conversing together for a long time. Tears, vows, and caresses—fresh doubts and fresh assurances succeeded, until the turret clock of the palace called the prince away, and reminded them both that the hour of parting was arrived.

Floretta then suddenly seized hold of Henry's hand, and pressing it to her bosom, exclaimed, "Seest thou this spring of Garenne? There wilt thou ever find me, ever as to-day. And look, Henry; if thou art not ever the same, in like manner as this fountain pours forth its inexhaustible life, so shall I my inexhaustible love, until laid hold of by the hand of death. Henry, I can cease to live, but never, living, cease to love. Here thou wilt find me again, ever as to-day—ever here."

She disappeared, and the youthful prince staggered through the garden to the palace, sobbing bitterly.

The journey, however, which Henry undertook, by diverting his mind, soon enabled him to overcome his grief. The first fifteen months which he passed, after his departure from the spring of La Garenne, filled his mind with other thoughts. Amidst the tumults which were at that time distracting France, he began to display that activity and intrepidity of

character in the field, by which he afterwards rose to such immortal fame. He was already the admiration of the brave; and the ladies at the court of Catherine de Medicis tried to console him, more than perhaps was necessary, for the loss of Floretta.

The glory and praises of her lover soon reached the ear of Floretta: he was no longer the young gardener that formerly took delight in setting flowers whilst kneeling by her side; but the warrior, ranging about through countries, searching after fresh laurels. It was not the Prince of Bearn she had ever loved, but the simple Henry; and now his dazzling transformation excited not so much her wonder as her sorrow. She had heard how the beauties at court tried to entangle him in their snares, and how he, prone to inconstancy, attached himself first to the one, and then to the other. He was the only man in the world on whom her affections had ever dwelt; and now, having lost all faith in him, she lost all faith in human nature. The grief she endured was soon the means of breaking her heart. What had now arrived, her reason had already, but in vain, foreseen.

In his travels, Henry at length visited Nerac once more. There seeing him one day promenading up and down the gardens and groves of La Garenne, in company with the beautiful Demoiselle d'Ayelle, she could not resist the strong desire that arose in her, to throw herself just in their way.

The sight of Floretta, who even now pale with grief, was still more beautiful in her sorrow than before in the brightness of her joy, suddenly aroused in the young prince all the dear recollections of his first love. He became distracted, and would have instantly ran up and clasped her in his arms, had he not been prevented by the lady at his side, and the circumstance of a number of the courtiers also being in the garden, from yielding to his desires. The following morning, however, peceiving old Lucas busily employed in the garden, he stole to the cottage, where he found Floretta sitting alone. The sudden return of her father, however, prevented his having any conversation with her; he merely requested one hour's interview at the spring of La Garenne that evening, when she replied, without raising her head from her work, "*At eight o'clock thou wilt find me there!*" He then hastened away from the cottage again, the same as in former days. His whole soul burnt for Floretta, and he could scarcely await the coming of the evening.

It was dark, and the clock had already struck the appointed hour. In order not to be met by any one, he went through a back gate of the palace, along a by-way, which he still remembered, that led to the thicket. At last he came to the spring, but Floretta had not yet appeared. He waited a few minutes, his heart beating terribly all the while. On a sudden he was aroused by a rustling of the leaves, and already extended his arms to fly to meet her, and press her to his breast. To his grief, however, it was not Floretta, but merely the blowing of the wind. He walked up and down impatiently for a while, and at last perceived in the dark, not far from the spring, something white, as if a part of her dress. He went up to it, and found a sheet of paper, together with the arrow and the pierced rose. There was writing on the paper, but the darkness of the night prevented his being able to read it.

Terrified and agitated, he hastened to the palace, exclaiming, "What! does she not come—does she send me back the arrow, because she has ceased to love me?"

He read the paper, on which were only these words: "I promised thou wouldst find me this evening at the spring of La Garenne. Perhaps thou hast passed by without seeing me. Look better, and thou wilt surely find me. Thou hast ceased to love, when thou seest this I shall have ceased to live. Mercy, O God!"

Henry soon divined the meaning of these words. The palace re-

sounded with his cry ; the servants all hastened at the call of the young prince, and with lighted torches accompanied him to the spring of La Garenne.

But why prolong the sorrowful tale ? The dead body of the innocent girl was found in the pond formed by the water of the spring, and afterwards consigned between two young trees to the earth.

The grief of the young Prince of Bearn was without bounds.—Henry IV. is to this day the idol of the French. He accomplished many great things—he fought, lost, and won ; but never again did he win a heart so pure and so faithful as the heart of Floretta, the sorrowful recollection of whom he retained to the last.

Such was the *first*, and such the *only* love of Henry IV. of France. He never loved again.

J. J. B.

THE INVITATION.

COME, come where the birds are singing,
 And the bees are storing their cells ;
 Come where the flowers are swinging,
 Like censers, their perfum'd bells—
 O ! come let us go
 Where the wild roses grow,
 And thy cheek shall borrow their summer glow—
 And O ! we will be
 As lonely and free,
 As the topmost branch of the wild forest tree !

Come where the nightingale ringeth
 Her chime, at the close of day ;
 Come where the butterfly wingeth
 Her glittering noontide way—
 Together we'll rove
 Thro' meadow and grove,
 And our souls shall be steep'd in music and love ;
 And O ! I will be
 All this world to thee,
 And thou and thy love shall be Heaven to me !

E. J.

SOURCES OF POETRY.

WHEN a traveller from the United States first arrives in this country, nothing so much reminds him that he is in a world of a different complexion to his own, as the antiquities and records of olden times which meet him at every step.

A stranger from any part of Europe will observe peculiarities of manner or of customs; but it is for the American alone, when he sees the cathedral stored with the monuments of the glory of other days, to feel emotions which never previously had entered his imagination; for with them, excepting two or three names of sterling worth, every thing is in embryo. They have no historians, no antiquities, no poets—it is as earth freshly turned up, which may hereafter bear a luxuriant crop, but as yet has no harvest of which to boast.

We have been led into this train of thought, by the anomaly of their poetry having no childhood, no dandling, and nursing, and nurturing into “comeliness and grace.”

There may be a few solecisms, a few peculiarities of diction, arising from the habits of their artizans, the nature of their climate, or their mode of warfare, dictated by experience; but their general vocabulary, and usual phraseology, is the growth of a country, whose stores are the hoards of ages gathered from every source, and to which chivalry, and art, and commerce, have unceasingly rendered their tribute. Yet we suspect, that to our trans-atlantic brethren, this, which would appear to afford them so immeasurable an advantage, will prove an obstacle to their maturer efforts.

Nice discrimination, happy adaptation, and all the *curiosa felicitas* of diction, arise, not from repletion of language, but from pregnant fancy seeking for a vehicle sufficiently appropriate in which to present its conceptions in their strength and majesty to the world.

Far different from this, like Minerva leaping all armed into existence, was the obscure and puny birth of our own poetry; and it is somewhat singular, that no pen has been found adequately to trace the struggles which our earlier poets have encountered, in moulding our language to give vigour and effect to their inspired feelings.

Webb, Gascoigne, Campion, and Puttenham, in their respective treatises, have given much insight into the art, as acknowledged and practised during the age of Elizabeth; and Warton, in his history of English Poetry, Tyrwhitt, in his notes on Chaucer, Blair, Lord Monboddo, and Dr. Johnson in his remarks on Milton's versification, with many others, have given much desultory information bearing on the same point. But it is much easier to propound laws, than to make people adhere to them; and nowhere is authority so little coercive as in the realms of poetry.

If we look back to the earliest breathings of the English muse, we shall find, as was to be expected, much that is harsh and rough, and untuned to harmony. But enthusiasm will do much; and in no æra

of our poetry are those bold and vigorous figures, that innate energy of passion, crude perhaps and irregular, yet replete with sturdy strength, more observable than in her earliest efforts. Art had not then, in her dawn, chiselled and fined off the bolder attempts, and uncontrolled imaginings, of the poet; all was genuine and unsubdued emotion. Where no passion was felt, no strain was attempted. Her song was but nature bursting forth with so much energy, that its own strength served for its own preservation.

Such were the first efforts of our Muse. They were to be seen in personification, in the bolder figures of language, and in unrepressed vigour of thought, rather than in smooth cadence, and in rigid adherence to measure. If a particular cadence was adhered to at all, it was only because it was imagined to correspond with the thoughts and emotions raised in the mind of the poet; or such as the music, for all verse was then accompanied by music, seemed to require. And while all depended on the vigour of the imagination, the bard's calling might well be esteemed high and sacred—passion, and passion alone, gave him utterance. He spoke of war, of religion, or of love, as his imagination was fired; but his feelings, not art, raised his strain beyond the bounds of prose. But man, in general, is but little acquainted with the strength of his own ability, and many will try where few succeed; and pettier minds will endeavour to effect that circuitously, which in its direct course is beyond their power. Hence arose restricted measure, quantity, rhyme, alliteration, and the various modifications into which Poetry has since wreathed her evergreen garlands.

The harshness of our language doubtless required much refining, and we find rhyme resorted to very early in our annals; if the authority of Walpole is good, it was imported into Europe about the year 800. Of this artificial blandishment, now become so general an ingredient in English verse, the Saxon poetry adulterated by the Norman affords no infrequent specimens, as it does also of alliteration; although it was never probably resorted to as an essential, till the time of Longlande, in his *Pierce Plowman's Vision*, who flourished about the middle of the fourteenth century.

These, and other attempts at fining down our harsh and guttural tones, plainly denote how crude were our first efforts at modulation; and so acutely was this felt, that Sir Philip Sydney endeavoured to substitute another model, by constructing it after the manner of the ancient hexameter and pentameter; but it was not found available, and therefore was neither of long continuance nor of general use. Dr. Johnson, in defining the nature of our versification, says, "The heroic measure of the English language is pure, when the accent rests upon every second syllable through the whole line." This he affirms to be the most complete harmony of which a single verse is capable; but subjoins, that "to preserve this series of sounds untransposed in a long composition, is not only very difficult, but tiresome and disgusting:"—thus this law, (no poem consisting of a single verse,) becomes "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

Neither, on a more practical survey, does this accented pronunciation at all times define the quantity. It is more by laying a stress of the

voice on a certain syllable of a word, than by any rigid adherence to quantity, that the harmony of verse is produced; or, as Lord Monboddo expresses it, "by a difference between loud and soft;" and many are the words on which the emphasis is placed which are short, while those which are unaccented are frequently by nature long.

And such is the structure of our organs, that although by general consent a recurrence of certain measures has been found best adapted to the purposes of harmony, and afford sounds most pleasing to the ear, yet, as Mr. Payne Knight justly observes, the pleasure derived from poetry is much more dependent on the intellect that produced, than on the modulation that adorns it; that pleasure, too, which we usually consider as originating in the rhythm. If not, why does the same delight arise from reading a poem internally, as from reciting it aloud? Our method of modulating Latin verse is such as that no Roman could understand it; it is not, therefore, the music that gives the pleasure.

When the hexameter verse, which in its origin was considered best adapted to the gravest subjects, has been tried in the English tongue; it has totally failed to excite similar emotions, which, had the pleasure consisted in modulation only, would have been equally felt, to whatever language it might have been transferred.

But we know and feel that the sound of verse alone does not exclusively interest us, like that of music; yet in analyzing the progress of our poetry, it is almost impossible to exclude from our speculations, why, if so little pleasure is to be traced to any one given code of modulation, yet that so much of the enjoyment is derivable through the ear. The truth would seem to be, that the mind is capable, through the mean of the senses, of various impressions; that mirth or gravity may be elicited by certain tones, equally as beauty or disgust is raised by certain objects. And as with beauty, so with tones, the feeling excited materially depends on a previous association of ideas. We connect the idea of beauty with some things, of deformity with others. The negro looks with disgust and horror on the fair and delicate tints of the European, while we, in turn, esteem the depressed nose and pouting lip of their females no less slightlying.

"We see not Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt."

The power of association is nowhere more strongly displayed than by the feeling excited by the distant fall of waters—a monotonous, continuous sound, as of a loom at work, or of a mill, is far from agreeable; yet no one can listen to the far-off sound of waters without experiencing pleasing and refreshing sensations. The same coincidence may be traced with respect to melody: certain tunes, and those by no means of a melancholy nature, will frequently excite in individuals emotions the most depressing. It is well known that the Swiss soldiery cannot bear in a foreign country to hear the *Ranz des Vaches*, or national airs which bring their native homes to remembrance.

This position has been set forth by Lord Byron in numbers so beautiful, that we cannot refrain from giving them to the reader:

“ Slight withal may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
 Aside for ever : it may be a sound—
 A tone of music—summer’s eve—or spring,
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we’re darkly bound ;
 And how and why we know not, nor can trace
 Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
 But feel the shock renew’d, nor can efface
 The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
 Which out of things familiar, undesign’d,
 When least we deem of such, calls up to view
 The spectre whom no exorcism can bind,
 The cold—the changed—perchance the dead anew,
 The mourned, the loved, the lost—too many ! yet how few ! ”

Such are the latent strings that invisibly chain the mind : so much of what we are apt to imagine is solely within the province of taste, depends on predisposition, and on previous association of ideas.

It is then, it would appear, for the most part, mental sympathy that responds to the tones of modulation.

“ Some chord in unison with what we hear
 Is touched within us, and the heart replies.”

We do not mean to assert that a brisker or a graver tone may not be given to a verse by the fall of the cæsural pause, early or late ; or that our poets have not studied what measures they conceive will be best adapted to convey their feelings. It was this consideration, as Dryden tells us, that made him write his “ *Annus Mirabilis* ” in quatrains ; it was this that made Milton choose blank verse ; and on this discrimination and judgment of our bards, will the national excellence of our poetry, in a great degree, depend.

But it is very questionable whether, although we should now reject many kinds of verse as unfit for graver subjects, this be not the effect of association, having always been used to hear them adapted to lighter strains.

One would imagine that there was but little similitude between a psalm and a ballad, and yet the version of the psalms by Sternhold, and many of our ballads, are written in the same measure ; yet habit has reconciled us to this, till we see no impropriety in either.

Those measures which we use in a lighter order of poetry might not have been a fit vehicle for her more austere efforts ; but would the nation at large have been aware of this ?

Rousseau, and others capable of judging, acknowledge the inaptitude of the French heroic verse for the higher orders of poetry ; yet the nation in general—for in matters of taste the majority are always ill judges—is perfectly satisfied.

Nothing can point out more clearly how dependent in these matters we are on taste and fashion, than the changes which from time to time have been effected in our own metre.

Blank verse, and the heroic couplet, which are now in general use for grave or elevated themes, are both of comparatively modern date.

Surrey translated part of Virgil’s *Æneid* into blank verse, which is the first composition of the kind, omitting tragedy, extant in the

English language; and the other measure was but little affected till the reign of Charles II. The verse previously used in our graver compositions, since our language has been sufficiently stamped to render its poetry generally available, was the stanza of eight lines, the *ottava rima*, as adopted, with the addition of one line, by Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, who probably borrowed it from Ariosto and Tasso, the Italian language being at that time in high repute. And when we bear in mind that Boccaccio first introduced it into Italy, in his heroic poem, "*La Teseide*," having copied it from the old French *chansons*, it affords no little confirmation of our arbitrariness in metre, having been thus bandied "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," in accordance with the taste of the times, or of the individual. And, indeed, the structure of this kind of verse is so artificial, that custom alone could make it consonant with our feelings, in subjects where passion and the loftier breathings of poetry being required, but little fetter and restraint can be endured.

I think it must be confessed, then, that if taste and true feeling in some measure regulate the modulation of our poetry, custom also has no mean share in its guidance. And to convince ourselves to what an extent the ear is subservient to the sense, it is only necessary to read over some of the most admired passages of Milton, and we shall not, in despite of the edict of Payne Knight, fail to admit, that the pauses there adopted are highly harmonious, in strict accordance with our feelings; yet among these, upon examination it will be found, that there is scarcely a passage which does not break through the trammels of legitimate metre.

But these measures and limitations, however various, are at best but the symbols, the handmaids of poetry; every rule to which they may be subject may be adhered to with the most pertinacious exactitude, and yet nothing that can be justly termed poetry be produced; while, such is the power of genius, they may be infringed and disregarded, and yet her loftiest breathings be made manifest.

Genius begins where rules end; not that she tramples on rules, but moulds and blends them to her purposes; or if she breaks through them, her fascination is such that we stop not to cavil at her error.

Hence, then, arises the question, In what does poetry consist?

Bacon, treating on this subject, with his usual comprehension and master-mind, divided, as we have done, the matter from the verse; and speaking of the former, "shows its noble foundation, which makes much for the dignity of man's nature; for," continues he, "the sensible world being inferior in dignity to the rational soul, this poetry seems to give human nature what history denies it; and to satisfy the mind with the shadows at least of things, where the substance cannot be had. It proportions the images of things to the desires of the mind, instead of confining and bending the mind to the nature of things, as reason and history do."

But this may be said to bear only a reference to poetry as a whole, to its uses rather than its nature; and it must be confessed, that it is not a subject easy of analysis, but may it not, like the gastric juice, be too subtle to be analyzed, yet, like that juice, have given properties?

We cannot test chemistry on a basis unknown to the science, neither can we expect to subjugate the immaterial breathings of poetry under the harsh code of common-place facts. Sheridan once said that a friend of his, in writing for the prize ode after the fire at Drury Lane, gave a poulterer's description of the phoenix, and we fear we may subject ourselves to a like sarcasm by our minuteness, but the eel-like qualities of poetry require the whole powers of analysis.

The matter of poetry has usually been considered as consisting of two parts—the one in plot or general scope, the other in thought or imagery; and these are both the fruits of imagination, which may be termed the common mother. But does all matter in which plot, contrivance, and design are required, as in novels and in romances, in so much partake of the nature of poetry? If so, only of its baser nature. The germ of poetry is more ethereal. Metre will not affect it, as the metre in most nations differs; neither does it consist in rhyme, as from tragedy, which is the most conversant about passion, the heart of poetry, it is excluded.

Rhyme is the mere vehicle, as doctors term it, the virtue is in the thought; and it appears unjust to divest it of this grace, and yet to expect it in undiminished beauty; it is to strip the tree of its leaves, and yet to look for its verdure. But an ingredient is one thing, an accompaniment another: there may be good rhyme to bad poetry. Indeed, it should seem that rhyme is more adapted to an inferior grade of poetry than to its higher orders. It implies art, it makes art prominent, but the appearance of art destroys the sublime.

It is only where the smoothness of the scene is not sufficient of itself to fill the mind, and hurry it from minor points, that this artificial aid is required, or can be even tolerated. We look for reflection on the still lake, not in the torrent; we seek to behold flowers in the parterre, not on the brow of the precipice.

If our readers do not already condemn us as too dry and prolix, we will on a future occasion endeavour, from the premises here stated, to develop the sources of poetry, and to trace the waters of this never-dying stream to its true fountain.

C.

THE CAVALIER OF SEVILLE.

A TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON FOSTER.

Dramatis Personæ.

DON GASPAR	<i>The Cavalier of Seville (unknown.)</i>
DON FELIX	<i>A Spanish Nobleman.</i>
DON PEREZ	<i>His relation, also a Spanish nobleman.</i>
SUPERIOR OF THE MONASTERY.					
MANUEL	<i>A Monk.</i>
ANSELMO	<i>Monk and Chorister</i>
JACOBO	<i>Porter to the Monastery.</i>
ANTONIO	<i>Servant to Don Gaspar.</i>
SANCHO	<i>Servant to Don Perez.</i>
DONNA INEZ	<i>A Noble Lady.</i>
ISIDORA	<i>The Niece.</i>
SERAFINA	<i>A Wealthy Lady of Seville.</i>
NINA	}	Both wives of Antonio			<i>Attendant upon Isidora.</i>
BEPPA					<i>Confidant of Serafina.</i>

*Monks, Choristers, Attendants, &c.**Scene in Seville.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.

*A Street in Seville.**Don Felix and Don Perez.**Felix.* You say his name is Don Gaspar?*Perez.* So he styles himself; but of what house, parentage, or country, cannot be gained. He keeps aloof from all, bears himself gallantly; and 'tis manifest, that any question discourteously put, he'd answer with his sword.*Felix.* He's skill'd in fence then?*Perez.* There's none to match him. I, who have foiled half Seville, am but a scholar in his hands, when at the school we've joined the assault in courtesy.*Felix.* A proper man?*Perez.* Beyond comparison. He hath all the stamp of true nobility. Pride in his eye, in his address dignified, in modes most perfect: the most envied of the men, and the most admired by all the dames of Seville.*Felix.* Successful then?*Perez.* He confides in none; and hath no intimate; but I am informed he is resistless, and I much suspect—my rival.*Felix.* With the Donna Serafina?*Perez.* Even so. She has changed much of late; and I have discovered that one, who from report answers to his description, is highly favoured.

Felix. But, Perez, did you not tell me that you had deserted her?

Perez. In faith I had; but when I discovered that another sought her, my passion then returned; and now that she rejects me, I dote upon her more than ever.

Felix. Perez—when will you be wise? when will you settle down to matrimony, and cease to trifle with the sex?

Perez. Never, I hope; women are my game, and I live but on the chase. Sighs, oaths, and amorous ditties are my ammunition; my guitar is my fowling piece, and you must acknowledge that I seldom miss my aim.

Felix. I grant it, Perez, but it's a cruel sport, and quite unworthy of a Cavalier. How many wounded birds have hid themselves to die!

Perez. Poor things—why did they not keep out of shot range? It's useless to preach, Felix, I must have my amusement.

Felix. Be careful, Perez, that it prove not dangerous. There is no honour gained by broken vows, false oaths, and tampering with maidens' hearts. It is a fault in you I would were mended; and our relationship makes me thus free to speak my mind. It is unworthy of you.

Perez. But sufficing good for women—they are but playthings—and thus far am I renegade, that, with the prophet, I cannot allow them souls.

Felix. You are incorrigible. Change the discourse, or I shall lose my temper and that opinion of you, which, 'gainst my better sense, I fain would keep. Our subject was Don Gaspar.

Perez. Yes—and my object is to find out who he is, and, if basely born, to hunt him out of Seville.

Felix. That there's mystery is evident; but when you hunt, see if such quarry, good Perez, turn not to bay. But new in Seville, I ne'er have encountered this prodigy; if his rank be mere assumption, he must be exposed; yet, Perez, there may be many causes for an incognito. Our Spain is wide, and well peopled with those who boast high ancestry.

Perez. If then so wide, there's room for him elsewhere. Here comes Sancho with intelligence.

Enter Sancho.

How now Sancho? what have you discovered?

Sancho. (*Affectedly.*) I am not quite a fool, Santa Petronila knows that, good sirs,—not quite a fool. I think you are fortunate in your servant. You'll excuse me, but—I have seen the person whom you mentioned.

Perez. Well——

Sancho. I have seen him, sir, by Saint Petronila!

Perez. And spake to him, I trust.

Sancho. Yes, sir, and, by the same holy saint! I have spoken to him.

Perez. To what purpose have you spoken to this Antonio?

Sancho. To your purpose, sir.

Perez. What did he tell you? I cry your patience, Felix, but this mule cannot be driven. What did he tell you, sirrah?

Sancho. You do not know what first I said to him. Would you have the answer before the question?

Perez. Well, what said you first to him?

Sancho. With all good courtesy, I wished him a good morning. He did the same to me.

Perez. Well.

Sancho. I then discoursed about Saint Petronila, the wind, the pope, and the weather. No, I recollect, it was the weather before the Saint, I think—yes—I am sure it was; how the saint brought in the wine, I know not; but we proceeded on to wine and women, which last discourse made us thirsty, so we adjourned into a wine-house—Saint Petronila shrive me! when we became most intimate, and after much beating about the bush, I discovered that his master was——

Perez. Who—what?

Sancho. Don Gaspar, sir.

Perez. Idiot! Is that all?

Sancho. No; only half. I found out more without him. He finished off his wine, and left me without any more information, declaring that was all he knew himself; and that he had to meet a lady. Let me alone for finding out, Saint Petronila be my guide! I watched him, and as I turned the corner, found him in close whispering with the Señora Beppa.

Perez. The attendant of Donna Serafina. Then are my doubts confirmed. Treacherous sex!—but I'll be revenged! Did you speak to them?

Sancho. Not when Antonio was there. I never interfere between man and wife, the blessed saint knows that.

Perez. His wife!

Sancho. Yes, his wife; but when Antonio quitted her, I then accosted her; and to my cross questions——

Perez. She gave you crooked answers.

Sancho. Precisely so, signor; and, record it, Saint Petronila! she said that I was a fool!

Perez. The wisdom of the woman! Come, Felix; Sancho, you will go home and await my return. [*Exeunt Perez and Felix.*]

Sancho, (solus.)

That Antonio is a good fellow, Saint Petronila assist him! How he does make me laugh! We were sworn friends in two hours, and he promised to drink with me whenever I pleased. I wonder why he never offers to pay his share of the reckoning? He thinks it would affront me, I suppose! but when we are more intimate, I'll hint the contrary. Excellent fellow! how he did make me laugh! Then, when next we meet, I'll ask his advice about my love affair! I am sadly in want of a confidant; now I've only my own wit, and the good saint. He's a man you may trust, I'll be sworn. Lord! how he did make me laugh! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*Street opposite to Anselmo's Lodgings.**Enter Antonio.*

Well, I'm supposed to have as much wit as my neighbours,—and yet I cannot make out this master of mine. He's a perfect mystery, and the more I try to unriddle him, the more mysterious he becomes. If I am deep, he is deeper. In short, I am no match for him, and thus I prove it. In the first place, he finds out every thing I would conceal, and conceals every thing I would find out. Secondly, he reads all my thoughts, and takes care that I shall read none of his. Then he disappears when you turn your back, and re-appears before you turn your front. He has discovered that I am a rogue, yet retains me in his service. His chamber is always locked when he goes out, and I am obliged to wait below upon board wages. There's some mystery about that chamber. I have watched repeatedly on the staircase to see him enter, but never can; and when I would swear that he is not in, it is I only who am out, for I am summoned to his presence. There's mystery! When he does appear, who is he? Don Gaspar. But of what family, and from what part of Spain? No one can tell. Mystery upon mystery! He may be the devil, and I feel my conscience touched; for, no good ever came from the devil's wages. I'll to my confessor, and seek his counsel. He's a good man, and lenient too, to such poor rogues as I. But he insists that I appear each se'nnight, and sum the catalogue of my offences: perhaps he's right, for if I stayed longer away, some of them, as I am no scholar—say half—would be forgotten.

Enter Nina, veiled, who passes by him, and exit.

There's a nice girl! What a foot, and ancle! Now had my master seen her, there had been a job for me to dog her home. We lacqueys are like sporting dogs; we follow up the game, and when they stop their running, make a dead point, until our masters flush them for themselves. *[Nina returns.]*

She's coming back. This time I'll poach a little for myself. Fair lady, can I serve you? *[Nina stops, but turns away.]*

"Turn not away, fair angel, for since last

"You bless'd my eyes, my thoughts have been on you;

"For weeks I've follow'd, not daring to address you.

"As I'm a bachelor, and free to wed,

"Might I your favour gain, a life of tenderness,

"To you, my love, I'd tender." *(Aside.)* I borrow'd that speech, excepting the last flourish, from my master: but, since he has used it, like his cast off clothes 'tis mine by custom. *(Aloud.)* Will you not answer. I love you, madam, have loved you long; and, by my soul! ne'er said so much before to any woman breathing.

*[Nina turns round, and lifts her veil. Antonio turns away.]**(Aside.)* By all that's intolerable, my Toledo wife!*(Turning to her.)* Holy Saint Francis! It is, it is my wife!

Nina. Yes, sir, your injured, your deserted wife!

Ant. And are you still alive? Then am I once more happy!

(*Offers to embrace her.*)

Nina. Forbear! When was I dead, you wretch!

Ant. Why, Nina, I've a letter from Toledo, that states that you are dead—you died a treble death, yourself and twins, in childbed.

Nina. What?

Ant. Twins, my love, sweet pledges of affection. I've the letter in my pocket; I've kept it there for months, pored over it for weeks, and cried over it for days. (*Fumbles in his pocket.*) Now I recollect it is in the pocket of my gala suit. What an infamous forgery! Come to my arms, my dear lamented, but now recovered wife!

Nina. Keep off, you wretch! What did you say just now? "I loved you long, and ne'er have said so much to any woman breathing."

Ant. Well, my love, no more I had—except to yourself: and you I thought were dead. Why, my dearest Nina, it is a proof of my constancy. When I first saw you, I said to myself, "that is the only woman I ever saw with a foot and ankle so pretty as my Nina's;" and the more I looked at you, the more your sweet figure reminded me of yourself. In fact, it was your likeness to yourself, that created the first emotion in my widowed heart. Had I fallen in love with any body else, my dearest Nina, you might have cause for anger; but I assert, to fall in love with my own wife, proves me a paragon of fidelity.

Nina. O Lopez—if I could believe you!

[*Antonio, turning away, and taking out his handkerchief.*

(*Aside.*) As my master says, (*turning to Nina,*)

"Lay bare my heart, my Nina, read each thought,
"And there your image, deeply graven, find."

[*She turns away. He pretends to be much affected; at last she embraces him.*

Ant. (*aside.*) Into her arms, and out of that scrape, thank my wits. (*Aloud.*) And now, my love, how long have you resided in this city?

Nina. But a few days. I serve the Donna Isidora. I was left behind in sickness at their country seat some time ago, and but now have joined her. Where have you been, my dear Lopez?

Ant. Wandering about everywhere, and anywhere, a lost man, since I heard of your loss. Yes—a miserable man. But of that hereafter. What seek you now?

Nina. The lacquey of Don Gaspar, called Antonio? Can you assist me, as I am in haste?

Ant. Why yes, I think I can. Behold him here. I am that same Antonio, and, for my sins, Don Gaspar's lacquey.

Nina. (*Walking away angrily.*) It was convenient, perhaps, for you to change your name. You are Antonio, indeed!

Ant. No, my dear wife; but it made me feel more happy. (*Placing his arm round her waist.*) You used to call me Lopez, dearest Lopez; and when I thought you dead, the very name, when

summoned by my masters, reminded me of your dear self—I could not bear it; so I changed my name.

Nina. Dear Lopez! And do you really tell the truth? (*Antonio kisses her.*)

Enter Beppa behind.

Ant. By this kiss I do!

Beppa. (*Aside.*) So, so, good husband! I have long suspected this. I'll watch your motions.

Nina. Well then, dear Lopez, you must give this letter to your master. He must not fail to-night. When shall I see you?

Ant. This night, if possible. There shall be more than one love-tale, my Nina. (*Kisses her.*) [*Exit Nina.*]

Beppa, who had gradually advanced, boxes Antonio's ears.

Beppa. "There shall be more than one love-tale, my Nina." And this hand shall tell another tale (*striking again*) thou base villain!

Antonio, escaping from her, and rubbing his ears. O Lord! for tail read head! (*Aside.*) This it is to have two wives. (*Aloud.*) Why, Beppa, are you mad? How can I help it?

Beppa. How can you help it?

Ant. Yes—how can I help it? I must obey my orders.

Beppa. Obey your orders!

Ant. Yes—obey my orders, or lose my place. My master, who is amusing himself with a young lady, says to me, "Antonio, that servant girl hangs about much in my way. You must make love to her."

Beppa. Make love to her!

Ant. Yes—make love to her. "I'll be hanged if I do," says I, thinking of my own sweet little Beppa; "Then you will be starved if you don't," said he; and as I found that he did not mean me to be in earnest, I thought that there could be no harm in a little by-play.

Beppa. By-play!

Ant. Yes—by-play. Well, I refused long, for it went against my conscience. Then he took this purse of ten moidores, and said, "Refuse me, and quit my service. Consent, and take this purse—the money will support your wife."

Beppa. (*Snatching the purse.*) Now, am I to believe this?

Ant. Believe it! why, have you not the proofs? How should I possess ten moidores? Money is not to be had for nothing, now-a-days. I meant to have told you all, but have not seen you since.

Beppa. She called you Lopez?

Ant. She did. I would not give my name. No other shall call me, "Dear Antonio," excepting my own true, faithful wife! (*Embraces her.*)

Beppa. (*Turning away with indifference, and putting the purse in her pocket.*) Well, allowing all this to be true, and that's of no great importance, what a villain your master is to pay attention to another, when he vows fidelity to my mistress, Donna Serafina!

Ant. Upon my honour, I've enough to do to defend myself: though I must confess that his conduct is infamous.

Beppa. I'll to my mistress, and make known his treachery.

Ant. Nay, Beppa, 'tis no concern of ours. That were foolish. It is better to conceal it.

Beppa. How! conceal such falsehood! I'll tell my mistress, though I know it will break her heart, for I've a kindness for her.

Ant. Do no such thing. Bad news, though true, is never paid for; but the purse opens when the tidings please, although they're false as hell. What's your message?

Beppa. My mistress dies to see him.

Ant. Tell her he'll come to-morrow evening. He said as much when last I saw him.

Beppa. When last you saw him! Is he not here?

Ant. He's here, and there, and everywhere, and nowhere.

Beppa. Where is he now?

Ant. That I don't know; but not here, that's certain.

[*Gaspar looks out of the window, and calls loudly.*]

Gas. Antonio!

Ant. Santa Maria! Yes, sir.

Gas. Go to Castanos, and see if my guitar be strung.

[*Gaspar shuts the window, and disappears.*]

Ant. Now, how did he get there? Beppa, I must be off. Remember my advice!

Beppa. (*Scornfully.*) I will. Good bye, Mr. By-play.

[*Exit Beppa.*]

Ant. (*Solus, looking up.*) How the devil did he get there, if not by the help of the devil! For it was not by the help of the door, I'll swear. To-morrow I'll confess, that's certain.

[*Exit Antonio.*]

SCENE III.

Moonlight. A garden belonging to the house of Donna Inez. A balcony looking into the garden. Enter at the balcony Donna Isidora and Nina.

Isidora. He comes not yet.

Nina. Señora, 'tis not yet time.

Isi. 'Tis more than time; I heard the convent bell Strike long ago.

Nina. 'Twas not the hour of night, but the sad toll Announcing some high obsequy.

Isi. Yet still, 'tis time he came——

Nina. And here he would have been, but you forget You chided him for venturing so early. Your aunt had not retir'd when last he came.

Isi. He does not wish to come—I will not see him. Tell him my resolution.

[*Exit petulantly, Nina following.*]

Enter Gaspar, in the dress of a cavalier.

Gas. I overheard her vented thoughts, fond girl! She counts the minutes by her throbbing heart,

And that beats time too fast.
 Now will she hang her head, and weep awhile,
 Like flow'rets waiting for the morning sun,
 That raise their mournful heads at his approach,
 And every dew drop like a diamond glistens,
 While they exhale sweet perfume in their joy ;
 So at our meeting, smiling through her tears,
 Will she appear more fresh and beautiful !

Re-enter Isidora and Nina. As they appear, Gaspar retires.

Isi. The moon's so bright, that faintly you discover
 The little stars which stud th' unclouded Heav'n :
 The wind but scarcely moves the trembling aspen,
 And not a sound breaks through the still of night.
 All Nature's hush'd ; and every passion lull'd,
 Save love, or fierce revenge. Is this a night
 To stay away, false yet lov'd Don Gaspar !

Nina. Be patient, Lady, he will soon be here.

Isi. He cannot sure be false.

Perchance some danger hangs upon his steps,
 Men are so envious of the fair and good.

Nina. Señora, look ; I see him in the distance.

Isi. He comes ! Where, Nina ? O yes ! that is he.
 Well ; now I'll tease him. Nina, quickly in ;
 I vow I will not show myself this night.

[*Exit Isidora.*

Nina. I wish I had some moidores on the hazard.

[*Exit Nina.*

Gaspar sings to his guitar, unseen.

Song, (mournful strain.)

The mocking moon doth coldly fling
 Her rays upon my breast of flame ;
 And Echo mocks me as I sing.
 O my guitar ! to thee what shame !
 She answers not, though thy best string
 Is loudly hymning forth her name—

Isidora—Isidora !

Isidora appears at the balcony. (A livelier strain.)

No more the moon doth mock me now,
 Her bright rays glad my breast of flame,
 And Echo, beautiful art thou !
 O my guitar ! to thee no shame !
 She comes ! Love thron'd upon her brow !
 My strings, hymn forth once more her name !

Isidora—Isidora !

Enter Gaspar, who approaches the balcony.

Isi. Why hast thou staid so late ? Did but the moon
 Turn on my anxious features her soft rays,

Thou would'st perceive how fretfulness and tears
Have doubled every minute of thine absence.

Gas. And would 'twere day, that thou, sweet love, mightst see
The fervid passion stamp'd upon my brow.
I dar'd not disobey thy late command;
Yet did I fret, and champ the bit of duty,
Like some proud battle-steed arching his neck,
Spurning the earth, impatient for the fray.
My heart, e'en now, would burst its cords asunder,
And make one joyous leap into thy bosom!

Isi. And my young heart throbs with its new delight
Say, Gaspar, dost thou fondly, truly love me?

Gas. Do I love thee, Isidora?—
The world would be a blank, and this existence
A dreary void, I would not stumble through,
If it were not for thee
But, having thee, a paradise it is,
So full of perfum'd airs and flow'rets sweet,
I would resist the angel's flaming sword
If it were raised between our plighted loves,
Ere I would be from thy lov'd presence thrust.
Thou art the heav'n of my idolatry!
For thee I live and move, for thee I breathe!
For thee, and for thy love, if thou knew'st all——

Isi. I would know all—there's mystery about thee!
Gaspar, thine image here's so deeply grav'n,
That nought can e'er efface it. Trust me, then,
As I would thee. There's not a thought I own—
No, not a fond emotion of my soul—
Not e'en the slightest ripple o'er the mind,
When calm and pensive, as it us'd to be,
But I would tell it to thee.
O couldst thou view my heart, and see thyself
So firmly woven in its intricacies,
Thou wouldst be confident.

If thou shouldst be ignoble, fear not me,
Love shall draw out thy patent of descent,
And trace thy ancestry to more than mortal.
If thou hast hated, and hast found revenge,
Yet fear not me
Whate'er priests say, it is a noble passion,
And holds an empire in the heart of man,
Equal in strength and dignity with love.
Be it a tale of sorrow or of crime—
(O say 'tis not the last!)—still let me share it,
That I may comfort you whene'er we meet,
And mourn it only when I grieve your absence.

Gas. My Isidora, oft thou'st press'd me thus—
Since thou wilt hear it then, it shall be told;
But one sad chance, most fatal to us both,
Is fetter'd to it.

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Isi. And what is that, my Gaspar?

Gas. That once reveal'd, we ne'er may meet again.

Isi. Then I'll not hear it. Away with prying thoughts
So fraught with mischief! Not to see thee more!

Then might the angel pour the vial out,

That vial of fierce wrath, which is to quench

The sun, the moon, the host of stars, in blood!

Not see thee more! Then may they work my shroud,

And cull the flowers to strew my maiden corse.

Without thee, Gaspar, I should surely die!

Wert thou the ruler of the universe,

Commanding all, I could not love thee more!

Wert thou a branded slave from bondage 'scap'd,

—'Tis now too late—I could not love thee less!

Gas. (Aside.) One soul so pure, redeems a world of sin!

Thou Heav'n that I have mock'd, O hear me now,

And spare! let her not feel the bitter pangs

Of disappointed love! Draw the barb gently,

That she may sigh her soul away, and sleep

Throughout her passage to a better world!

I plead not for myself.

Isi. What say'st thou, Gaspar?

Gas. I call'd down, blessings, loveliest, on thy head.

Heav'n grant my pray'rs!

Isi. And I too pray for thee, and will again;

But speak to me. Why did'st thou come so late?

How short, methinks, are nights. There's hardly time

For those who've toil'd to gain the needful rest—

For those who wake, to whisper half their love.

Gas. Night is our day, and day becomes our night:

Love changes all, o'er nature rules supreme;

Alters her seasons, mocks her wisest laws,

And like the prophet, checks the planet's course.

But from this world of hate the night has fled,

And I must hie me hence. O Isidora!

Though my seeming's doubtful, yet remember

'Tis true as Heaven, I love thee!

Isi. I'm sure thou dost, and feeling thus assur'd,

I am content.

Enter Nina hastily.

Nina. Madam, the Lady Inez pass'd your door,

And passing tried the bolt, e'en now I hear

Her footsteps in the corridor.

Isi. We must away, dear Gaspar. Fare thee well!

Nina shall tell thee when we next can meet.

[*Exeunt Isidora and Nina.*]

Gaspar. (Solus.)

So parts the miser from his hoarded wealth,

And eyes the casket when the keys are turn'd.
I must away.
The world e'en now awakes, and the wan moon,
(Like some tir'd sentinel, his vigil o'er,)
Sinks down beneath yon trees. The morning mist
Already seeks the skies, ascending straight,
As infant pray'rs, or souls of holy martyrs.
I must away——
The busy housewife has commenc'd her toil——
Industry is clad——E'er my bed I gain
Suspicion's lurking eye will watch my path——
The world will not revolve another hour
Ere hives of men will pour their millions forth,
To seek their food by labour, or supply
Their wants by plunder, flatt'ry, or deceit.
Avarice again will count the dream'd-of hoards,
Envy and rancour stab, whilst sobbing Charity
Will bind the fest'ring wounds that they have giv'n.
—The world of sin and selfishness awakes
Once more to swell its catalogue of crime,
So monstrous that it wearies patient Heaven.
I must away

[*Exit.*

“ Frailty ! thy name is woman ! ”—SHAKSPEARE.

I SLEPT and dream'd—within my view
Was a sweet peach of the loveliest hue,
O ! rich and rosy-ripe it grew,
Like thee, Kezia Anne.

Enamour'd of the bloom it wore,
I pluck'd and ate, like her of yore,
And O ! 't was rotten at the core,
Like thee, Kezia Anne.

THE EVIL EYE.

BY ONE OF THE LAKE POETS.

THE strange narrative of the real possessor of the "Evil Eye," will, we trust, be looked upon with no "evil eye" by the reader, as it is our intention so strictly to confine our relation to the limits of truth, that the reward of our veracity must be, unlimited confidence. We love to begin *ab origine*. Nothing looks more learned, and conveys a deeper impression of verity than a derivation. We shall make use of one, firstly, because the thing is in itself good; and secondly, because we see so many advantages derived from it, in a recent and valuable publication, by Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, in his book that glorifies in the cognomen of a "Visit to Germany and the Low Countries." Reader, read, "that there is nothing so very fanciful as some writers would have us believe in deriving the name of the modern Hessian from the *Catti*, is pretty well settled by an ancient manuscript of Tacitus, still in existence in the university library of Marburg, in which the name is written 'Chassi.' Knocking off the letter *C* of this corruption, we have the very word itself, with as small license of alteration as we find in many of our most lineally descended offspring of the dead languages. The license of corrupting *s* into *t* is of familiar occurrence; and the *Λικη θονηεντων* of Lucian is not required to inform us how frequently the *σ* and *τ* contended for mastery in the dialects of Greek." By the means of thus knocking off a letter or so, an excellent and legitimate derivation is knocked off neatly; and we have also here a very good clue by which to arrive at the real source of the phrase, *puss* in boots. *CATTI—puss*—the thing is self-evident; and the *boots*, what man in possession of reason enough to draw them on, cannot at once draw the conclusion, that the *boots* must be *Hessian*? It is wonderful how one derivation helps another, and no less wonderful, that in tracing a word, the French proverb is so luminously verified, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*." We have advanced this, to show the excellence of derivation in general; of our own excellence in particular: we are now going to give a specimen, which will at once introduce us into *medias res*.

Who has not heard of that salubrious, though dirt-encumbered suburb, entitled Hockley in the Hole? a locality immortalized by our poet Gay, and still more by the subject matter, from which its imposing name has been derived. The only real *Evil Eye*, and from which all the romances and tales founded upon that name have existence, actually glared in the place of which we are speaking. This wonderful visual belonged to a person inhabiting a domicile, that might well be called a hole. The fame of this eye was rumoured abroad—the learned came to look upon it, and were affrighted. And by them, and all those who aspired to be like to them—and that was all the world—it was called emphatically, the "Ocular in the Hole." But alas! Corruption travelleth the earth like a roaring lion, and soon the cockney with his inveterate aspirate, stuck an *H* to the word Ocular, and the last syllable being unfamiliar to his ears, and the word lye being not only most familiar to his ear, but also to his lips, we have the name as now spelt and pronounced, Hockly in the Hole; and this sad perversion of English, from which so respectable a district obtains its appellation, was made very current but a few years after the monstrous orb had mixed its jelly with the clay of the grave, and the dignified possessor could find no use for it, being pent up in the darkness of his coffin.

Let the most gentle of all gentle readers consider the name "Arethu-

sa." Let her—for it must be a lady—pronounce the word, first slowly, then rapidly—now with a loud and dignified intonation, and then again with that softness of modulation, that is not so loud as, yet abhors the hissing of a whisper; let her sit down either to piano or harp, and sigh it gently to the most musical chord of the instrument; let her do all this, and then lay her white, velvet, soft hand upon her heart and tell me, could that name belong to any but a good, and kind, and tender-hearted lady—learned withal—yet unpedantic; in imagination—ardent and romantic—yet in expression bland and mellifluous? Yes, Arethusa at thirty-five was all this, and more, she was heroic; and, had not her patronymic been Snubbs—which acted ever like a chilling blast to the warm aspirations of her soul—I would wager my reversion of the laureateship, (which, by-the-by is an absolute certainty,) against the dignified office of first ballad singer to St. Giles's, that she would have lived the Sappho of her age, and died, with the title affixed to her by acclamation—of the Muse of England. But, alas! she fell a victim to the fascination of the *Evil Eye*; and though the mental arrow that struck through her heart was shot from that devastating orb, yet was the point barbed and poisoned by that villanous surname of Snubbs, that made the wound incurable, and kept it bleeding for ever. Before she had met with the evil ocular influence, did the voice of courtesy address her gently, by the name of "Arethusa," the lambent fire of genius lighted up in her eye, her brow seemed to expand with loftiness of thought, and her whole figure increased actually in height; but, did the cold tone of formality fall upon her startled ear, in the words so hateful to Heliconian echo, Miss Snubbs, at once she shrunk within herself in undissembled insignificance, and her soul seemed to look out from her contracted body, as if humbly asking for the base privilege of existence. Gentle Arethusa! if thou wert now living, and wert sitting with thy quiet look of enthusiasm beside me, and any wretch masculine, who, knowingly and designedly, to harrow thy gentle breast, dubbed thee designedly with thy name of "Snubbs," I would incontinently poke my iron pen into his left eye-ball, and it should not be my fault, if he did not look upon the lovelier sex hereafter with a right eye only.

The worldly possessions of Arethusa were £120 yearly, in the five per cents, a small, well furnished, freehold house, seventeen volumes of romances, three canary birds, two cats, and one maid servant. At one time she was the mistress of a grey parrot, but the imitative varlet had, among his other acquisitions, picked up the name of Snubbs, rattling the triad of the final consonants in his inharmonious throat so revoltingly loud, that poor Arethusa was forced to do a violence to her gentle heart, and banish for ever the plumed offender from her presence. Reader! have you ever perused the *Amadis de Gaul*, done into English? if you have not, there is no necessity, that I know of, that you should; but, if that necessity should exist, I would advise you to put off the perusal as long as you can. A bore should be kept waiting; but not so thought Arethusa—at least, she thought not *Amadis* a bore—for at this very moment, when I would have you consider her attentively, is she not reclined on a well-cushioned, high-backed, armed chair, one tabby sitting purring at her feet, and another on the very top of the chair-back, somewhat above the lady's head, in all the majesty of well-deserved admiration, looking wiser than an owl, and giving to our heroine all the appearance of a *Minerva blandissima*. On her small, well-polished, and elegant mahogany table lay the ponderous volume of *Amadis*. Arethusa has just read, and is now contemplating a most heroic passage—a passage—that sweet blending of love and murder, so fascinating to female imaginations—she has cast back her head, and you see her somewhat large, mellow, and liquid eyes, upturned toward heaven; and you see them the more

plainly, since she has thrown her silver-rimmed spectacles high upon her polished brow. That she wore such manifests of antiquity as glasses, is a secret between Arethusa, you, gentle reader, and ourselves. Is it not a pity that your soft and beautiful eye, when somewhat large, is so fit for every thing that is delightful—except seeing well; whilst your little, squinting, red-rimmed, grey orb, that, when it falls upon you, seems to be screwing into your brain like a gimlet, whose language is sarcasm, and whose searchings seem to be able to pick your pocket, should last you fifty, sixty, seventy, aye, a hundred years, without its wearer being ever obliged to make an ass of his nose, by clapping a saddle on it—'tis melancholy. The rose that is fullest blown is the first to shed its leaves, the finest fruit the first to fall; and Arethusa's eyes, melting as they were, the first to find themselves dim, at decyphering your villanous small type. Can a woman be beautiful at thirty-five? I ask my heart, and an answer comes from its inmost core, and tells me, O how forcibly! that she can. The unvarying temperance and quietude of Arethusa's life, its even tenor disturbed by no irregularities of late hours, and hitherto shocked by no enmities, and agitated by no passion, for she had ever loved God's creation—unoffending herself, and unoffended, (except by the banished parrot,) her complexion was as delicate, and as pure, and as transparent, as the marble, and the roseate tint of health upon her cheek was constantly heightened by the glow of enthusiasm that her romantic course of reason cherished; her sedentary habits, and uninterrupted health, had inclined her figure to the rounded and the full; her arms and bust particularly so, and being rather above the middle height, altogether her figure was Juno-like and majestic; yet was there a simplicity in the expression of her face, in beautiful contrast with the awe her figure might inspire, and which simplicity plainly indicated that she might be easily deceived by others, and that she was continually deceiving herself. Authors, when they find their powers of description fail them, especially in the delineation of the appearance of their hero and heroine, are wont to throw them on the imaginations of their readers. I despise such paltry subterfuge; in the first place, because it is a beggarly want of power; and secondly, because as I am drawing from a real model, if I cannot describe correctly what I have seen, I have no right to be seen describing. Such was Miss Arethusa Snubbs, and so reclined, with her hands clasped on her knees, and her eyes upturned in rapt meditation, when a knock, by no means gentle, at her parlour door, was followed by its being thrown half open, and the suet-dumpling-looking figure of maid Martha—one of the before-enumerated possessions of Arethusa—sidled a quarter of itself into the room, and with a screeching voice she exclaimed, "Miss, here's Mr. Cornelius Blandamour wants to know whether as how he may come up." The spectacles were confusedly hurried off the alabaster brow of Arethusa, who hastily replied, with as much anger as her kindly bosom could command, "Martha, when will you learn those rules of courtesy, that the damozels of better times were wont to display to their liege mistresses? Did you ever hear of the faithful Accatheanasia rushing with so brief an announcement into the presence of the princess Amoretina?"

"No, marm," replied Martha, with a downward bob.

"Then you may usher up Mr. Cornelius Blandamour."

An eager looking, sharpset featured man, of about forty, tall, thin, and straight, with one eye that was closed for ever in darkness, and the other of the smallest, sharpest, greenest grey imaginable, entered, and walking stately across the room, approached to where Arethusa was sitting, and dropping, not ungracefully, on one knee, seized that white and lady-like hand, and devoured it with kisses; which act would have been to him highly delightful, had not the rogue been very hungry, and the

comparison of devouring a hand with kisses, with that of devouring a beef steak with onions, been, in the then state of his appetite, immeasurably in favour of the latter. Arethusa suffered these raptures, the mixture of hunger and love, constrainedly, and withdrew her hand, as if she really feared the masticators of the innamorato.

"Well I wis, fair Arethusa," said the gallant, "that it irketh me to complain of the nigardise of fortune frail, that permitteth me not to come to thee, as the Blandamours of erst, gaily prickt with beseeming pomp."

"Regret it not," sweet Sir Blandamour; but have you brought me the promised documents, that you told me you had saved from the archives of your old castle? how happy I should be to trace up your illustrious lineage! Why not openly avow your title to the world; methinks a Blandamour, while he had a sword to defend it, or an arm to—to—to—

"To wield a shillalah, arrah, my honey dear," said the gentleman, in a rich brogue.

"Sir Blandamour!"

"Lady Arethusa, 'tis the wizard spell, and elfin trickery, that ever and anon throweth the three parts of the soul of an Irish bog-trotter into the magnanimous bosom of the last of the Blandamours, for by Jasus——"

"Sir Blandamour, this enchantment is a sad spot on the escutcheon of your knightly bearing; when will the charm be dissolved?"

"Not till the silken bonds of Hymen bind me, will this fatal thrall unbound be. Nathlesse, fair enslaver, how long must your knight's probation last—a licence——"

"But," said the gentle Arethusa, hesitatingly, "in all these books that I have read, I can perceive that no lady ever yet gave her hand, till the elected knight had, by some doughty deed, proved that his love was as sincere, as his courage was undaunted."

"Ah, darling of my heart! by the breeze that blows over Ballynishag bog, is it my love you're doubting now, as Teddy the piper used to say,

"Doubt thou the stars be fire,

"Doubt thou the sun doth move,

"Doubt father O'Phelim's a liar,

"But never doubt I love."

"Mr. Cornelius Blandamour," said Arethusa, drawing up her commanding figure to its full height; "Mr. Cornelius Blandamour, I have heard that quotation attributed to another author—to one Shakspeare; your reading——"

"Shakspeare, was it; then more shame for him, for thieving from my countryman."

"Countryman! I thought that you had told me that you were descended from the old Anglo-Norman line of the Blandamours."

"And so I am, but the enchantment, Lady Arethusa——"

"Is any thing but enchanting."

"Ah, severe beauty! list ye to the lay that my anguished heart hath poured forth," said Cornelius, taking from his pocket a paper, and looking anxiously round; "but if the empress of my soul will permit me, I'll read it after dinner."

"I have dined, Sir Blandamour; expecting your call, I hastened to despatch that disgusting, though necessary ceremony. Are we not all soul, Sir Blandamour?"

"Body o' me, no," said the discomfited knight, "I am as famished as Paddy M'Greah's porker."

"Mr. Cornelius," said the angry Arethusa, "you almost disgust me. I am neither mad nor Quixotic. You profess yourself my admirer, upon the basis of chivalric love; on that footing I accept it. You tell me that you are the scion of an illustrious house, and that you will produce to

me the documents to prove it—I believe you. I know that the days of chivalry are, for the public, no more. I do not ask you to arm yourself, cap-a-pé, and ride forth like a warrior of old; but the chivalry that you cannot show openly to the world, I expect that you will wear in your heart, and cause to elevate your sentiments. Where, in any of these excellent books," laying her hand upon the *Amadis de Gaul*, "did you ever hear of a knight or a lady eating, but at a banquet? In fact, I do not find it necessary for a knight to eat at all. Was not Sir Friamour lost in a desolate forest for eighteen days, fighting each day with some dragon or monster? and yet I cannot find that he partook of any refreshment whatever."

"Bylive, ladye, that knight of erst of such puissance, mote eat all that he did to death."

"Now, Sir Blandamour, it rejoiceth me again to find that you have recovered the true knightly phraseology, though I affect not the matter of thy speech. Lady Arethusa listens—thou mayest aread."

"Mad as a Bedlamite," muttered Sir Blandamour, "and I hungry as she is mad!" And finding that he could do nothing but humour her vein, he sat himself down upon her footstool, and twisting his one eye into what he meant to be an amorous glance, the famished lover read:

I.

Ne the bright sun all pranked in heav'n above,
Ne damozel, for beauty hight of yore;
Ere could compete with mine own ladye-love—
The ladye-love of darke Sir Blandamour.

II.

"Sir Chaunticleer, that knight of puissance vaste,
That struts his feathery dames, per die, before,
For knightly spurs to him are binded fast—
Yet loves he not like darke Sir Blandamour.

III.

"My belamaye, then graunt me Bell-accoyle,
For thy belgarde I travaille hard and sore—
Then graunt me grace for my endured toyle—
Grace to thy slave, the darke Sir Blandamour."

As Cornelius read the last verse, he contrived to possess himself of the hand of his dulcinea, and giving it a hearty smack with his lips as he concluded, he threw up his polyphemened visage imploringly towards the flattered fair one with a long sigh, in which there was a ludicrous mixture of famine and devotion; indeed, it was doubtful even to himself which he wanted more, his dinner or his lady's love.

"Sir Blandamour," said Arethusa, queening it up to the very top of absurdity, "we thank thee right well for thy mellifluous courtesy; albeit we are not by folly so bewraided, as to suppose that our humble deserts can merit such harmonious numbers; nathlesse, I ween that our attent shall be that our demaue shall befit thy verse."

"Then why not, my Thusy dear, let me send for the priest, and make a splice of it at once, darlint?" said the lover, breaking out into an uncontrollable brogue.

In one moment he had lost all that he had gained. "Mr. Cornelius Blandamour," said she coldly, "I begin to think I shall not marry at all."

"Ochone!—by the living Jasus!"

"Sir, this vulgarity—"

"Is it vulgar that I am now?" said the adventurer. "Oh, Lady Arethusa, you have dined!"

"I defy you, sir, and scorn the insinuation!" And she rang the bell violently, and Martha, the maid, trundled her obesity into the room. "Martha," said the angered Arethusa, "tell that gentleman what you put upon the table, and whether I exceeded, either in eating or drinking, in any thing, the most delicate heroine of the age of chivalry. Tell him all that was upon the table."

"Oh pray don't!" exclaimed the agonized spunger.

"Why first, miss, you had two as nice soles, delicately sprinkled with crumbs and anchovy sauce, as ever I clapt upon the table; and then the mealy Munster potatoes——"

"Spare me!" said Cornelius, the water trickling down from the corners of his mouth.

"Let this gentleman know, Martha, how much I ate of the soles; for the charge of gulosity I repel with contempt."

"Why, marm, not a bit bigger than my little finger; and then we had rump steaks—wer'n't they beautiful, marm?—so full of gravy—and the oyster sauce——"

"O by the seven kings of Connaught! that rump steak will be the death of me." The speech designates the speaker.

"I tell you, sir," said the offended Arethusa, "it need be the death of no one; as I dare say it is now down stairs, nearly in the same state as when it came to my table."

"Is it, by Jupiter mungens!" said the hungered one, making an involuntary step towards the door.

"Yes, it is, sir. Let him go, if he doubts my asseveration that I ate not of it—let him go and convince his incredulous eyes, and then enter my doors no more."

The tumult in the breast, or I should say stomach, of Cornelius was intense; the struggle between policy and hunger was racks and tortures. He had not eaten since yesterday noon. But at length, with a heroism worthy a martyr at the stake, he made a low bow, and exclaimed, "Gentle Arethusa, you wholly misunderstand me. Ambrosia, nectar, and such ambrosial foods, are those only worthy of nourishing such a divinity."

But Arethusa persisted in clearing herself of the fancied imputation of excess. "Proceed, Martha," said she, "and tell him what little matters of pastry followed."

"Aye, she may do her worst now!" said Cornelius, with the resigned air of one who has abandoned himself to despondency. "I can stand anything after the rump steaks and oyster sauce!"

Martha then proceeded to enumerate every thing that had been brought upon the table, and the pretty sparrow-like manner with which her mistress merely pecked at the delicacies; every word of which detail was like a notched carving-knife drawn through the clamorous digestive organs of the empty listener. When she came to the description of the untouched wine, and the still more sacred brandy, Cornelius groaned audibly.

"There, sir!" said the triumphant heroine, when the gustatory penance was finished; "there, sir, I hope now you are convinced that I have brought my appetite to some pitch of refinement, as I have my sentiments, and that I am as chivalrous in the one as I am in the other. I only wish, Sir Blandamour," and it was evident, from giving him his assumed title, that she was softening towards him—and who that feel themselves victorious can be harsh?—"I only wish, Sir Blandamour, that you had come one half-hour sooner; and then you should have had ocular demonstration how very limited the demands of my appetite are. I wish, Sir Blandamour, that you had come one half hour sooner!"

Cornelius sprung forward, seized Arethusa by the hand, and wringing it hardly, whilst a tear suffused his one eye, he exclaimed with all the pathos of sincerity, "I wish to God I had!"

Nothing could be more distant from the thought of the benevolent Arethusa than that her lover was famishing: her bosom was the throne of all the gentle emotions, nor did they sit there in idle state, but invariably and instantaneously prompted the hand to do the beneficent impulses of the heart. The fact was, that Cornelius was nothing more than a desperate fortune-hunter—swindler perhaps would be a term more apposite—who had hired a well-furnished first floor, and starved in a genteel suit of clothes, until fortune should direct him how to feed. Having heard the character of Arethusa, and the kind of monomania (if her enthusiasm deserved a name so decided) with which she was afflicted, he had forced himself upon her, and generally so timed his visits, that he made his meals while he made love; but was continually boasting at her table, if it was of a dinner that he was partaking, how heartily he had breakfasted, which, by-the-bye, was true, for he then broke his fast; or at supper, of how superbly he had dined, which was just an Irishism—*vulgicé*, a sort of gilding laid upon nothing. Being the only person whom Arethusa had yet met that entered into the spirit of her delusion, he made great progress in her vanity—in her heart none; for, notwithstanding all the fine airs of the Elizabethan age, in which he endeavoured to trick out his bearing and discourse, the grasping, low-born Irishman would still appear through the assumed tinsel, and it required the greatest licence of her credulity to make her believe that this discrepancy of manner was the effect of enchantment; yet she did believe it, after so much authority for the possibility of the thing, in the only books that she loved or studied. This mist that obscured her understanding was to be dispelled when the evil eye should dawn upon her path, and that period is fast approaching. Let us retrace our steps.—“I wish to God I had!” said he.

“Do you doubt me still, Sir Blandamour?”

“Celestial pageant of this world, no! Alas! you cannot enter into my present feelings—you have no key to them.”

“Where, gentle Sir Blandamour, is the key to them?”

Here a twitch of inappeasable hunger seized the inward man, and he exclaimed involuntarily, with a tone almost ferocious, “Most probably by this time in the lock of the kitchen safe!” and he paced up and down the room with the look of an Alpine wolf.

“The enchantment, just now,” said the kind-hearted Arethusa, “is now upon him bitterly.”

As Cornelius continued his hurried walking, at once a smile lighted over his pallid countenance. The smile, the herald of some noble conception, grew more joyous; at length it became as radiant as his features were capable of permitting it; he assumed a theatric attitude, and standing before the eight-day clock, he fixed his eye intently upon the minute hand, and with his outstretched finger traced its slow movement upon the face of the dial. He would have made no bad personification of Famine tracing the footsteps of Time. Arethusa looked on with silent awe. The clock strikes—one! two!! three!!! He chorused sonorously each stroke of the hammer upon the bell. When the last sound had ceased its vibrations, he turned to the astonished lady, and dropping upon one knee, exclaimed, “Lady of my heart! the time is fulfilled! my vow is complete! my penance has been exacted to the uttermost!!!”

“Speak, Sir Blandamour! I am on the thorns of impatience.”

“Know then, Arethusa, that for thee I have fasted eight and forty hours!”

“Gracious me!” exclaimed the lady, thrown off the stilts of her romance by this astonishing avowal. She hastened to the bell, rang it, Martha appeared, the cloth was ordered to be laid, and the dinner to be brought up immediately.

“Ah, Ladye Arethusa!” said the arch designer, vaulting into the saddle of his chivalric diction. “Pardon me, ladye faire and paragone, for

the vilaine heresie, hainous and vaste ! in which did fall thy recreat knight. A certayne lordis, Merivale hight, a friend of your poor slave, showed me the daie before yestreen, a porcelayne figure made by artizane of China ; and for one little moment I doubted—yes, soveran of my soul ! I doubted whether the eyebrow were not more finely pencilled than mine own Arethusa's. But no sooner was that doubt of fellnesse entertained, than Horror whipt me with her scorpion rods for the vile heresie ; and I made my vow of penance which has just expired. Oh ! I am very hungry !”

“Poor soul !” said the commiserating Arethusa, “and all this for me ! Make haste, Sir Blandamour, and recruit thy diminished strength.”

Sir Blandamour was not bidden a second time. By the celerity with which the viands (cates, Arethusa called them) disappeared, she could have no reasonable doubts of the length of her lover's fast, or of the intensity of his hunger. The fish were hurried again into an abyss almost as unfathomable as that from which they had been drawn ; the potatoes rolled down his throat as rapidly as if they had been trundled down his native Irish hill, beneath which he was born. In disposing of the rump steaks, mastication seemed a work of supererogation. The oyster sauce and all rushed in to keep the piscatory brethen company ; and as to the additaments of pastry that concluded the repast, they were swept off to a crumb, to the amazement of the pleased looker-on. Cornelius was eating his way rapidly into her heart, and a most pleasant occupation he found it to be. Every inordinate mouthful that he took, proved to her the degree of his previous sufferings, and consequently the sincerity and extent of his devotion. But all mundane enjoyments have their termination ; the well-earned dinner was over, the wine had paid its tribute, and now a brimming and stinging tumbler of brandy and water danced with the silent lady beneath the single eye of Cornelius. After much entreaty, Arethusa was induced to sip the grateful beverage, for the account of this penance had so much worked in his favour, and the manner of the whole affair was so complimentary, for she was justly proud of her eyebrow, that Cornelius never before stood so high in her good opinion. But still, putting aside her monomania, she was a person rather shrewd than otherwise ; she was determined not to precipitate matters, the documents proving his genealogy she had not yet inspected, and there was one other startling objection that she had to her adorer, that will be shortly seen in the sequel.

As Cornelius warmed with his good cheer, his hopes warmed also. He waxed eloquent, but the eloquence smacked more strongly of the Milesian energy than of the altisonant phraseology of the knights of the round table. He had contrived, whilst he held his brandy and water with one hand, to encircle the waist of the reluctant Arethusa with his other arm. His single orb—for she was not on his blind side—was darting unutterable things into the placid lustre of her large and beautiful eyes ; I say unutterable, for if half their meaning could have been understood by her, she would have fled from him as from a demon. Thus happily placed, was Cornelius urging his suit, his brogue becoming stronger as his addresses became more impassioned. He spoke of the glories past, present, and to come, of his illustrious house ; and as he lied fluently, there was no hesitating stop in his oration to beget distrust, till at length, as he felt his own eloquence fire his lips, he thought those lips must have become, like his oratory, irresistible. At last he ventured rudely to approach them to those rosy beds of blisses that he was never destined to press. Arethusa immediately disengaged herself from his clasp, and putting on a dignity that no one could more gracefully assume, and which to have seen, all must have felt to be as natural as its power was irresistible, she spoke thus :—“Mr. Cornelius Blandamour, I have hitherto

held sacred the purity of my thoughts, hold you sacred the purity of my person. Dalliance before marriage is the precursor to disgust after. Sir Gilderbarrossa served his mistress seven years, during which time he, unaided, took seven castles, slew seven giants, and took prisoners seventy noble knights; and after defeating and dissolving the villainies of seven necromancers, he found himself too graciously rewarded by being permitted to kiss seven times the nail of the little finger of his mistress. In fact, afterwards he felt so shocked at the libertine act, so distressed at the ease with which his request was granted, which proved to him the growing depravity and the increasing licentiousness of the age, that he took a disgust at the world, buried his armour and all his panoply of war nine fathoms in the earth, clothed himself in sackcloth, retired to his hermitage, and would never after look upon a female face, though he lived to the age of a hundred and twenty. That is what I estimate as refinement of sentiment, as delicacy of soul. There, sir, is the whole account in that book of vellum, written in the genuine black letter, not in your mendacious modern typography."

"But, light of my existence!" said the crest-fallen Cornelius, "you have often told me that you would make allowance for the difference of manners between the present degenerate and the past exalted times."

"I do, sir—I do; but the innate delicacy and modesty of woman stands like the rock of ages, firm and unshaken, through every diversity of climate, of time, and of manners. That innate delicacy, Sir Blandamour, you have shocked, and it will be long, very long, before I pardon you."

"The devil's in the woman, or quite out of her, which is the worse for me," thought Cornelius; "but still there is some hope, for she called me Sir Blandamour again."

He then, with all the fawning submission of which he was master, recommenced his pleading; but it must have been evident to him, had not his vanity blinded him, that she liked the worship, while, at times, she almost despised the worshipper; and when he urged her to fix on some definite day, remote perhaps it must be, but some day from which he might date his happiness, she started a new difficulty, that again threw every thing into confusion.

"I require of you, Sir Blandamour," said she, "no knights overthrown, for, alas! the knightly race is extinct; no tyrants dethroned, for if their subjects permit the tyranny, they deserve the tyrant; no imprisoned damsels liberated, for now it seems that they are more clever at breaking confinement than the most doughty knight-errant of the olden time. But I do require of you to get rid of that enchantment, that makes you at times discourse much in the idiom of those women who carry baskets on their heads, and negotiate the sale of fish."

"But, as I whilome said," replied the suitor, "marriage alone can dislodge that duraunce in which I'm bound."

"But still there is another objection," continued Arethusa, "and I do not see how it can possibly be surmounted, for that, too, cannot be the effect of enchantment; or, if it be, I will never give my hand to one over whom unholy spirits have so much power."

"By the bogs of Killarney, what's coming now?" cried the unguarded son of Erin.

"Though, Sir Blandamour, I live not in the times of chivalry, yet, if I live, I will live in the fashion, and will be in such fashion, so beloved. I have read every thing that is worthy of reading, that treats of those brilliant heroes, of those by-gone times; and, though I find that Sir Hildebrande was left handed; that Sir Tristram of the Vale halted on the right foot; that the fierce Reddevalt had a slight yet not ungraceful lump on his puissant shoulders; that Sir Leverettino, of Araby, had a hare's

lip; and that the renowned Noptolitanus, who slew the seventy Saracens, had a peculiar aduncity of nose; yet I never read, I never heard, I never conceived, I never understood, that any hero existed, who, who—who—had but—one—eye!!

She had touched on Sir Blandamour's tenderest point, on the sore place of his vanity; she had exacerbated the ulcer of his soul. If you have a friend or foe, find out that morbid nerve-covered part of his anatomy, and touch it not, or your friend will become your deadliest foe, and your foe will never, by any possibility, become your friend. I myself have my weak point. I will make it known to the world, that those who recognise me may learn also to avoid dashing me down into the very depths of self-abasement. When we have a broken shin, we bandage it, or a gouty toe, we cushion it, as much to give notice to all not to scarify the one or tread on the other, as for the solace and relief of the afflicted members. With the same motive, I make known to my friends where lieth my green wound. I am at issue with the world upon a particular point. I conceive that I have a remarkably acute, delicate, and discriminative sense of hearing, yet it is a fact, that I have heard some persons actually insinuate that I am something deaf—the narrow-souled maligners! I am of a lamb-like temperament, and have as yet committed no murder. Let those whom it may concern beware!

Cornelius Blandamour first looked blue with spite and mortification, and then red with rage: he then swore a terrible oath in Irish, which gave him much relief. I think that I shall myself learn that language, on purpose to swear in—it is so palatinate; the tongue burrs so emphatically against the roof of the mouth with its *chrees* and *chras*, that to any tolerable passion, well set in, a five minutes' objurgation in such a tongue must be infinitely consolatory. I say, Cornelius swore a very measurable space of time in pure Irish. Having relieved himself, he next sought to annoy his annoyer, and he thus vituperated:

"Is it the eye you are setting your soul against, and be d——d to ye? The little jewel of a window of mine, that lets heaven's daylight into my poor soul, and the dearer to me, bekase the other has let its shutter down in darkness for ever. Ochone, and ah me! by the pate of the blessed St. Patrick but you're a proud dame. My eye, the little peeper that Judy, my own mother dear, has kissed so often, and made herself drunk with the light of it. And are you to taunt the only thing that keeps my foot from stumbling in this flinty world, ye flint-hearted crater? Come! if I have but one eye that's worth any thing, you have but one name that's worth uttering, ye Saxon lump of feminine superciliousness. Set my blind eye against your vulgar, kennel-begotten, soul-debasing name of Snubbs—Snubbs!" and he wheezed the name through his up-turned nose with the most ineffable toss of contempt. "Take that, Miss Snubbs!"

Miss Snubbs took it, and to heart. She staggered towards the bell, but ere she reached it she reeled and fainted.

While Cornelius was looking on his work with stupid astonishment, Martha, hearing the altercation first, and the fall of her mistress afterwards, rushed like a tigress into the room, and loving sincerely her mistress—as who did not that knew her?—without any hesitation about the matter flew with her extended talons on Sir Blandamour, and it was a most merciful dispensation of clawings upon his face, for which he ought to be everlastingly thankful, seeing that only one half of his nose was demolished, and his only eye had escaped destruction. He ought, seeing the virulence of the attack, to have been grateful to Providence for the rest of his life. His bosom burning with impotent rage, and his face streaming with blood, he made his hasty retreat, with colours flowing instead of flying, to his comfortless home, breathing revenge, and calling

down upon his devoted head imprecations the most horrible if he failed to compass it.

In due time, by the assistance of Martha, our heroine recovered, but it was to a sense of deep humiliation. She, whose gentle spirit wished to injure none, taxed herself most severely with her recent conduct, and she stood in her own estimation self-condemned. She felt that she had been harsh, and proud, and insulting; her personal vanity had been most deeply wounded, and she was altogether ill at ease with herself, and felt that her tranquillity would not be restored to her until she had made reparation.

She had received a lesson, in her own person, how deeply a taunt may cut into the heart, when the heroine, Arethusa, was overcome, and the woman, Miss Snubbs, fainted. The first use she made of her recovered powers of reasoning was to send a note, almost penitential, to the offended Cornelius, entreating his forgiveness, and beseeching him to ratify it by an early call. But the boiling of his Irish blood had not yet subsided, and not having his interest so plainly before his single eye, it being obscured by the mists of passion, he seized his unlucky pen, and in the wantonness of cruelty, and the wish to indict pain, he wrote as follows:—

“Sir Cornelius Blandamour presents his compliments to Miss *Snubbs*, and trusts, that now Miss *Snubbs* has seen her error, that Miss *Snubbs* will be more cautious how she, Miss *Snubbs*, taunts another upon his personal imperfects, since Miss *Snubbs* herself must be aware that she, Miss *Snubbs*, bright as she thinks her eyes to be, is obliged to wear spectacles. Sir Cornelius Blandamour has to observe to Miss *Snubbs*, that however she may despise the eye of Sir Cornelius, there are but two evil eyes in the world—the one is the devil’s, and the other belongs to a neighbour of Miss *Snubbs*, and it will not be Sir Cornelius’s fault if Miss *Snubbs* does not look upon it before twelve hours have passed over her head, and then Miss *Snubbs* will have to ascertain the difference of a Christian’s eye, and that of one whose look is of itself perdition. When Miss *Snubbs* has seen this eye, and knows what eyes are, Sir Cornelius will do himself the honour of waiting upon Miss *Snubbs*, and endeavour to benefit by Miss *Snubbs*’ increased experience.”

Such was the note that Cornelius sent in reply to the lady’s overtures for peace. He wrote it under the influence of brandy and of spleen, and most maliciously underlined the obnoxious word *Snubbs*, that he employed provokingly often, each with two or three dashes. Arethusa read this vindictive note, and straightway called to her counsel the faithful Martha, and long and laboriously they argued over the threat of the evil eye, for the reputation thereof was rife in those parts; but how this awful eye could be brought to bear upon their particular situation the simple souls were at a loss to conceive. But the conference ended by Martha being sent to the nearest circulating library, to borrow the volume of the *Encyclopædia* that contained the word “eye;” and when Arethusa awoke next morning, she found that her dreams had been, though not so brilliant, like a peacock’s tail—all eyes.

(*To be continued.*)

GAME, GAME LAWS, AND POACHERS.

BY A COUNTRY MAGISTRATE.

OF all the phrenological bumps which undulate the cranium of man, there is none so universal as that of Appropriation; in other words, that of having the greatest respect for your own rights of property, and a singular disregard for similar rights of others. Fire and water, acid and alkali, Whig and Tory, the antipodes themselves, are none of them so strong in the antithesis as *meum* and *tuum*; and all because it has pleased Heaven to supply us with this said bump of Appropriation. Now, previous to any other observations, we should like to ascertain whether those parties are correct who assert that game is not private property. Who those parties are it is easy to imagine; not those possessed of landed property, but those who have money in the funds, and every other description of property not landed, backed by those who have no property at all. We hardly need add, that they are by far the most numerous, and that the holders of the soil would have little chance, if the voting on the question were to be carried by scot and lot. These gentlemen assert that game is the property of any one, "free denizens of the earth and air, over whom man has no controul," and that for the landholder to assert that they are his private property, is an assumption warranted neither by law nor gospel. Now, with some of the gentlemen who have thus argued, it may be fairly said, that the "wish was father to the thought;" with others, it has arisen from a cockneyfied ignorance of the peculiar habits and modes of existence of the game—they hardly know a pheasant from a partridge until they see them at table, at the same time that they have that peculiar knowledge of telling one from the other with their eyes shut, from the flavour of the meat, when it is in conjunction with their palates. Latterly, since game has been exposed publicly for sale, they have learnt to distinguish between a cock and hen pheasant; but as for pointing out the difference between the mallard and the wild duck, or other varieties of fowl not so well known, we assert again that it is only with the feathers off, roasted to a turn, and served up with the variety of sauces *selon les regles*, that they can recognize them, much less know the peculiarities of their habits and modes of existence. It is to these habits that we shall now refer, and then leave the reader to decide how far the different varieties may or may not be considered as private property.

It must be allowed, that if you are at the expense of the breeding and maintenance of any living thing, that you certainly have a greater claim to it, than any other person can have. First, then, as to the breeding. To breed game, it is necessary that large tracts of land should be converted into plantations. The game may go out to feed, but they require a home where they may resort to at night. Plantations are expensive at their commencement, and although, after a series of years, that is to say, by the time that your grandson inherits

your estate, they may yield a profit from the timber; yet the profit is at such a distance, that few gentlemen would plant land, even if it yielded only twenty shillings an acre, if it were not that they had the advantage of the game during their own lives. One of the first of the very heavy expenses attending the rearing of game is therefore a loss of rent; for allowing a landowner to plant only one hundred acres, he may be said to lose one hundred pounds per annum for many years, and more than half of that sum, even when the felling and underwood come to profit. This, therefore, is his first expense.

The pheasant is in every respect nothing more than an undomesticated barn-door fowl, who perches on a tree instead of roosting in a hen-house. We do not mean to say that he is of the same species, but he is the same in his habits and dispositions. If any alderman of London was to be shown the jungle cock of the East Indies, observe the splendour of his plumage, so superior to that of the pheasant, the extreme shyness of the bird, its diminutive size, its rapid flight, and the difficulty of shooting it, he would never believe that it was from this beautiful creature that have sprung all the varieties of our domestic poultry. Yet such is the case. The pheasant is tame compared to him, and may be domesticated with the greatest ease; we have often seen them flying up to the keeper at his whistle, and feeding out of his hands, which is more than domestic poultry will do in general. Independent of the sacrifice of land for plantations, there is a great expense in feeding the pheasant; for if you do not feed him, he will leave your manors for those belonging to other landowners who supply them regularly with buck-wheat or barley. Small stacks of these grains in the straw are generally placed in the covers, to which the pheasants resort every morning. Of course this feeding is confined to the winter months, after the crops are off the ground.

If the pheasant, from the above statement, may be considered as private property, the hare and the rabbit must be still more so, from the mischief which they do upon the estate, and for which the landlord is obliged to account to his tenants. They certainly are not specifically fed, but they feed themselves in a way much more expensive and destructive; they also resort to the plantations for protection, leaving them only when in search of food. We have known a landlord obliged to allow for nineteen acres of wheat surrounding his preserves, the produce of which land had been destroyed by the hares and rabbits, and the sum of money paid would have purchased him more hares and rabbits than he would have consumed in his family for ten years; indeed, no one pays so dearly for his game as he does who breeds it; and we think that, generally speaking, while the pheasant may be purchased for three shillings and sixpence in the market, the gentleman who rears it does not pay less than one guinea a head for every one he kills.

The partridge is certainly a bird that is not very partial to covers, and by no means so domestic as the pheasant. He flies wide from manor to manor, but still he is fed upon the produce of the land or lands which he frequents. The covey, therefore, may be said to be the general property of the landowners; they have reared them on their estates, and have fed them with the produce of their fields.

To the expenses already mentioned, we must add those of the gamekeepers who look after the game, destroying the many varieties of vermin who prey upon it, such as the kite, hawk, owl, jay, magpie, raven, and crow, the pole-cat, wild cat, stoat, weazle, rat, snake, &c., all of which are to be shot or trapped in a variety of ways. He has also to ferret down the rabbits, who would otherwise increase to an extent almost incredible. We mention this to point out that the duty of a gamekeeper is something more than the mere watching after poachers. We conclude with the minor expenses of the dogs, with the duties paid to government for them, and the licences taken out by the gentlemen for themselves and for their keepers.

There are other varieties which have not been considered as game, such as the woodcock, snipe, ploon, wild duck, widgeon, teal, &c., and certainly with propriety, as the landowner has no more claim to them than any other person; but still the protection given to decoys for wild fowl is much greater than what is at present granted to those varieties of game which are undoubtedly the property of those who have reared and fed them. A decoy is protected; but what is a cover but a decoy attended with much more expense, yet by the present system of game laws, the cover has no protection whatever.

That the former game laws were too severe we grant, but the present are wholly ineffective, and if not better regulated, the consequences will be very serious, as we shall hereafter point out. We do not look upon poaching as a greater crime than any other act of *petty larceny*; and it has moreover this excuse, that those who engage in it are incited to it by those who ought to know better, by those who would be the first to raise an outcry at the spoliation of their own property, or a trespass upon their own territory. If there were no receivers there would be no thieves; the crime of poaching is therefore to be laid to the doors of those who incite the poor fellows by their bribes to commit the act, and who do not scruple to demoralize a whole parish, that they may indulge their appetites. The great error in the former game laws was the not permitting *the sale of game to be legal*. The great value of the present Act is, that it has *made the sale of game legal*; the error of it, that at the same time, it has left property so unprotected, and the law of trespass so venial, that the framers of it might almost as well have said at once, "Go into any man's covers, shoot all the game you please, and sell it openly." Such certainly has been the effect of the present Act, such has been the injustice to the proprietor of the game. That the former Act was the occasion of much crime we will not admit—that it was the occasion of the crime of poaching we acknowledge; but it should be remembered, that there are *mauvais sujets* in all parishes, men who have a great dislike to work, and a total disregard to the properties of others. The price of game induced them to resort to poaching; but had they not taken this dishonest means of livelihood, they would, in all probability, have resorted to some other. Let any one examine the calendars of offences at the petty sessions in the different counties, and he will find that poaching, even during the former Act, occupied but a small portion of the catalogue of crime; and that it was not poaching which led to other acts of petty larceny, but a

natural inclination to larceny which led to poaching: and the reason is evident—there is little trouble or fatigue attending the stealing a piece of linen hung out to dry on a hedge, or a goose or turkey from a flock lying out during the night on the stubble; but to poach requires some capital in the shape of a gun, &c., and also exposure to the inclemency of the night, with considerable risk of person. The high price offered for game to supply the tables of those who were not possessed of landed property, induced the evil-inclined to embark in the profession, but their characters as idle and dishonest people had been established long before. That poaching has led to crimes of great magnitude, there can be no doubt; for, with fire-arms in their hands, rather than be captured, and undergo a long imprisonment, the poachers have too often resorted to the shedding of blood. It may be interesting to the reader, if, previous to our remarks on the present game laws, we enter into a detail of the various methods practised by the poachers in taking the game, and show how impossible it is for the owner of the game to preserve it, unless he is better protected by the law than he is at present.

Pheasants are taken in many ways; the most destructive perhaps is a system which is called *hingling*. This is day and night poaching. The poacher conceals himself in the covers during the day, and searches for the *runs* of the pheasants; for pheasants seldom fly, except when they are put up. Like the barn-door fowl, they will run before the dogs for the whole length of the cover, if it is sufficiently thick to hide them. When the poacher has discovered their runs, he fixes wires with open loops in different parts of them, the loops hanging about four inches from the ground; the pheasant runs his head into the wide loop, which as he advances forward, closes and strangles him. At night the poacher returns, and takes out those which have been captured. Another curious plan of taking pheasants has been practised with great success, and at the same time proves the similarity of this bird to the common barn-door fowl. Cock pheasants are very pugnacious, and fight each other *à l'outrance*. The poachers select a good game cock, properly trimmed, trained for wind, and *spurred*. They select any open space in the covers, near to which the pheasants resort, and which they can always tell by the crowing of the cock pheasant in the morning, or when he goes up to roost at night. The game cock is thrown down, and the poacher conceals himself. The game cock crows immediately, and his challenge is answered by the cock pheasant, who flies in haste to the combat. The battle is soon terminated; for the cock pheasant is too game to run away, and he soon falls in the unequal contest, his own blunt natural spurs being but a poor defence against the sharp steel spurs of his adversary. When the pheasant lies dead at his feet, the game cock crows in victory. This challenge is again accepted by another cock pheasant; and by this ingenious invention, three or four brace of pheasants have been taken in a day.

The other methods of taking pheasants are chiefly resorted to during the night. The first is, when the covers are not very high, and the pheasant is perched not above eight or ten feet from the ground, to smoke them down with sulphur; but this requires a calm

night. It may be a matter of surprise how poachers can discover the pheasants at night; but the fact is, that they are to be discovered in the very darkest nights with little trouble. A pheasant will never perch on an evergreen, such as the Scotch or spruce fir, if he can find a hard wood tree, such as the oak, ash, or elm. The reason is, that they are very nice about their plumage, which becomes soiled by the droppings of the evergreen trees. The hard wood trees having no leaves, the pheasants are easily discovered when at roost, during the darkest nights, appearing like black round balls on the branches, as the poacher examines the tree from beneath, with the sky only as a background. If the poachers go out with guns to shoot pheasants during the night, they select the most inclement night that they can; rain, with a very high wind, is the best adapted for the purpose, as it not only prevents the keepers from hearing the guns, but the pheasants do not fly off at the first report of the gun, as they would if the night was even moderately calm. On the contrary, a dozen pheasants have been shot one after the other, from off the branches of the same tree, without those which remained attempting to fly away. But perhaps the most destructive plan is that of the air gun, as it can be used during the finest night without disturbing either keeper or pheasant. We were ourselves a witness to the destruction occasioned by this weapon, the season before last, when some poachers had been taken in Mr. Coke's preserves, with this implement in their possession. They had killed seventeen pheasants before they were captured. Every pheasant had been shot with a small bullet in the breast, as he was asleep at roost; and the nicety of the aim was very remarkable. The air gun was fitted up as a walking stick, the air pump to charge it carried in the coat pocket. The gun, with the whole apparatus, had been purchased at Wells for the *sum of* £3 10s. !!

Partridges are chiefly taken at the commencement of the season, before the coveys are broken. To explain this to the reader, who may be no sportsman, the cock and hen bird, with their brood, often amounting to a covey of twenty or more, keep together until part of them have been killed, and the others scattered by the guns of the sportsmen. Early in the season, and generally a night or two before the 1st of September—that annual Avatar to partridges—the poachers drag the fields at night with *drag nets*, and frequently take whole coveys by this plan. This is the only method of taking partridges, except by the gun and dog, which is occasionally resorted to in the latter part of the season, the poachers trusting to their heels for escape at the approach of the keepers.

Rabbits are little sought after by the poacher, although they are not rejected when they fall into the trap laid especially for the hare. Hares are taken in every way; in the open day by greyhounds or swift lurchers, knocked on the head when sitting in their forms, snared with wires, or shot like the partridges at the risk of detection. But the most destructive method is what is termed *gate-ing* hares, which is accomplished as follows. After dusk, the poacher affixes a net to the gate of a field, and then sends in his lurcher. This description of dog, who is really as much a poacher from instinct, as his master is from a desire of gain, will traverse the whole field, if it

consist of even twenty acres ; and he will so work it, that if there are thirty hares in it, he will drive them all to the gate, where they are taken in the net.

A lurcher is a half-bred dog, uniting speed with a good nose. The best description of lurcher is between a setter and a greyhound, or else the common shepherd's dog and the greyhound ; but the fact is, that the dogs in the game counties have been so bred in and in for lurchers, that it is almost impossible to meet any dog now that has not something of the lurcher in his blood. The sagacity of these dogs is most remarkable ; they often hunt alone, and bring home the game to their masters. We ourselves knew a small spaniel and a very fast lurcher, who used every day (if not shut up) to go out together ; the spaniel used to find, and the lurcher to kill, and we have several times known this lurcher, when the spaniel put up a pheasant, to make a spring at it as it rose, and catch it when three or four feet in the air. Lurchers are not allowed by act of parliament ; but as we have before said, they have now increased to such a number, and in such variety, that it is almost impossible to decide upon what is a lurcher.

We have now enumerated most of the methods employed by poachers for the taking of game, and we leave the reader to judge whether it is possible for the game owner to preserve his game under such disadvantages, if the law of *trespass* is not rendered valid. The present Game Act is so inefficient, that we have had forty poachers brought before us in one season, and have not been able to convict one, although of their guilt there was not the smallest doubt. It is true, that if you fall in with any one on your premises who has killed your game, you may take it from him ; but those who kill game are not such fools as to carry it in their hands during the trespass. Moreover, you must in other cases prove that the party has killed your game, and that cannot be done without an eye-witness. By the present law, a man may go into your cover, shoot your pheasants, and if he once escape again into the high road without being discovered, he may boldly confront you with the game in his hand, and you cannot challenge him as to where or how he obtained it ; or if you do, and his answers are unsatisfactory, you can do nothing with him.

Now if any advantages, either present or future, might have accrued or could be anticipated by the present game laws, there would be some argument on the other side ; but the evils intended to be remedied have increased, and the prospect for the future is any thing but encouraging. The great advantage held out by the advocates of the present laws was, that poaching would be put an end to, as the game owners would be able to undersell the poacher. Now, on the contrary, it has been fully established that poaching has enormously increased since they have been in operation, and for two very simple reasons : the first is, that the facilities for poaching have so much augmented—a poacher once clear of the cover, and on the high road, is safe, sells his game openly to a dealer, who as openly sends it to the market. The other is, that the poulterers who vend the game will not purchase it if *shot*, but give the preference to the poachers' game, which, being *snared*, will keep so much longer than that which has

been lacerated with gun-shot wounds. The owner of the game has, therefore, no chance with the poacher, without he turn poacher himself; and even if he did condescend so to do, the expense of breeding and feeding the game is so great, that the market price would not remunerate him. Such is the case as it stands at present, and now let us examine into what may be expected for the future. In the course of a few years game will have become so scarce, that we have no doubt but that pheasants will rise in the market to at least a guinea a couple. The land owners and proprietors of game will find it useless to contend with men who have already become so daring as to defy them and their keepers, assembling in large bodies, and daring them to the attack. The land owners will, therefore, no longer attempt to keep up their game, but will discharge their keepers to save the expense. This has already taken place—more than six hundred keepers have been discharged in the county of Norfolk alone; and as these men have been bred up to no other pursuit, they have no other resource than to exist by increasing the number of poachers. This, however, we consider but a small part of the evil. The plantations will be cleared, and the covers be converted into arable land. This may be denied, by asserting that the land planted, generally speaking, was not fit for arable land: we grant it, but we reply, that land that has been some years in plantation, although of the poorest quality when originally planted, becomes of the richest, from the yearly deposite on it of vegetable matter, and there is no such effectual method, although perhaps it may be more tedious than others, of converting bad land into good, than by planting it for timber. If the plantations are broken up, timber in this country will become scarce, and we shall have to look to foreign states for a still further supply. But the greatest evil of all will be, that as all country amusements will be destroyed, the landlords will no longer reside upon their estates, and the English counties will suffer as much from absentees as Ireland does at the present time. It may be argued that hunting will still remain, even if shooting be done away with; but that would not be the case. The fox would disappear with the game—he lives upon game; and if the game were destroyed, he would be obliged to seek for other sustenance. This would be in the farm-yard; and if so, the farmers would soon destroy him, for it is not to be expected that they would not protect their stock from his depredations. Now, the last is a point of very serious consideration, when we reflect how many thousands of pounds sterling are circulated through the country, assisting the farmer, and stimulating the labourer, during the few months that the landlord and his family reside in the country, with their house full of visitors, we are inclined to think that every sensible man will agree with us, that it would be the cause of the greatest distress, and injurious in every point of view. The splendid mansions of our aristocracy would be abandoned, their independence would be destroyed, for the metropolis would be the resort of all, and in a few years we should behold the chain between the upper and lower classes, so necessary for the cementing and preservation of the constitution, totally destroyed. The state of England would then be similar to that of France previous to the revolution; and if we are

preserved from such an evil before the time shall come, we shall have every reason to expect it then.

It may be inquired, then, whether we wish that we should return to our old system of game laws. We reply, no; we consider that game should be permitted, as it now is, to be *sold in the market*, but at the same time that the law of trespass should be made more summary and severe, and that game owners should be permitted to protect their property as well as any other people in the kingdom.

It is quite ridiculous to assert that a trespass may be *involuntary*—it is impossible. Gates and hedges always point out the difference between private property and the high road, and every man knows whether property is his, or is not. The law of trespass should be made summary—no warning ought to be considered necessary, for it is not necessary, and a fine should be paid upon conviction. This would put an end to a description of *gentlemen* poachers, (a sad misnomer,) who, taking out a licence to shoot, run over a gentleman's grounds, kill his game, and are "warned off," there being no punishment until after the second trespass. The law should permit the immediate destruction of all dogs found on the property; if under controul of their masters, they would not be there without his permission—if not under controul, they ought to be shot, as mischievous. This would also be a check to your gentlemen poachers who pay five guineas for their dog at the commencement of the season, and would further relieve the game owner from a swarm of lurchers, who now hunt through his covers, while their master waits for them in the adjacent road.

Proper enactments to this effect would protect the game owner from day poaching; but for night poaching other measures must be resorted to: and the only measures which will enable a gentleman to preserve his game without avoiding a collision between his keepers and the poachers, and prevent the constant effusion of blood, is to allow them to return to the old system of setting mantraps and spring guns. These were voted illegal by act of parliament; but that vote, like all those founded upon false ideas of humanity, was the occasion of an increase of crime and much subsequent bloodshed.

We have said that there is no such thing as an involuntary trespass even on a field; how much less excuse is there for a trespass in a plantation or paled park! There can be none. Now we assert that spring guns alone would deter half the poachers; but that mantraps would, in the course of a short time, do away with poaching altogether—that is, if they were really known to be set, for poachers soon find out whether the notice is merely a threat or not. In stating this, we are not guided by our own opinion, but by that of old poachers, with whom we have often conversed on the subject. It may appear surprising when we state that an old poacher cares little about a spring gun, but such is the fact. If they know or think that spring guns are set in a cover, they will still go in during the darkest nights. Their plan is this: they walk carefully along, holding their guns down in a slanting direction before them, with the muzzle within three or four inches of the ground; if they meet the wire attached to the spring gun, the iron of the gun barrel rattles loud against it; they

under-run the wire carefully to the gun, either throw out the priming, or draw the charge; and sometimes they will, before they leave the cover, set the gun again, changing the wires into a direction so as, if possible, to shoot the keeper the next time that he enters. But with a steel trap it is different; they can have no warning, it closes upon them at once, and if they know that steel traps are actually set in a cover, into that cover they will not go. This they have stated to us a hundred times, and we know it to be true. Some have acknowledged that they have once ventured into covers where they believed steel traps to have been set, but that they have in consequence been in such a constant state of anxiety, that they were not fit for their business, and left the covers without any game, and never went there a second time. This is the evidence of old and experienced poachers.

Now it will probably be argued that mantraps are unmerciful, cruel weapons, a disgrace to humanity, &c. &c. That is all very well; and it will also be argued that a trespass upon a cover is nothing. But let us put a case in point to those gentlemen who thus argue from the size of their bump of appropriation. What would one of those gentlemen, who has a country-seat within a few miles of the metropolis—what would he say, if his garden, surrounded with a high clipped hedge, was suddenly invaded by half-a-dozen fellows, who trampled over his sea-kale and asparagus beds, and trod down his spring lettuces? Why he would be up in arms in a moment—every man's house was his castle, and property was property. Now is not our property at a distance from the metropolis as much property as his is which is near to it? and are not our hedges quite as good landmarks as his hedge, his trellice, or even his parapet wall? Yet if he has a wall, he may use these very weapons which are denied to the landowner.

Now, we assert that so far from being inhuman, steel traps are the very contrary; they prevent crime, which ought to be the great object of all legislation. The proof that when they were legal they prevented crime is, that when they were permitted to be set, poaching was much less in practice than it has been since: and if they had really been set in all the plantations, it would have been still more diminished. But they were not set; the boards were put up, but the traps were not there, and the poachers, aware of it, entered without fear. The proof that they prevented crime is fully established by the fact, that, I believe in the space of forty years, there were only two cases brought before the public, of people having been injured by these engines, notwithstanding the quantity which really were set; but the poachers never would go into covers, where they knew that they were set; and were they again permitted, and generally set in the plantations, crime would again decrease, for "no poacher (as a poacher said to us) can stand them."

We shall now conclude our remarks by a quotation from Shakspeare, which, although not exactly apposite, bears strongly in favour of our argument.

"Mercy is not itself which oft looks so—
Pardon is but the nurse of second woe."

CHIT CHAT.

THERE are many points of good government which are not comprehended by well-meaning but enthusiastic people. In this world our expectations should not aim at perfection, for if so, we must invariably meet with disappointment, and too often increase the evil which we would prevent. Many licences, contrary in themselves to morality, must be permitted, to prevent the still further increase of immorality; and these licences may be compared to the safety-valves of a steam engine, preventing the explosion which would otherwise take place from the high pressure of society in a populous metropolis. We shall confine ourselves to the one point which has induced us to make the above remarks, which is the increase of gambling houses, otherwise most correctly named "hells" within these last few years, and which is to be ascribed to the abolition of the lotteries, which were under the controul of government. That gambling is a vice more fatal in its effects than most others, we acknowledge, but at the same time the spirit of gambling is innate in the breast of man; and as it cannot be eradicated, the wisest system would be to endeavour to controul it within certain bounds. Let it be recollected, that there is more gambling carried on every day of the week under other names—a greater exchange of property—a greater profit and loss in the commercial affairs of the nation, than takes place in the gambling houses during a whole month. What are the merchant, the underwriter, the stockbroker, but gamblers? The game certainly is not so soon decided in all cases, but still it is *gambling*; indeed, the Stock Exchange is one vast gambling house, where thousands are won or lost in an hour. Still this species of gambling is not considered immoral, while that practised at the hells is so much decried. Nevertheless, the consequences are often as dreadful, and as often attended with beggary and suicide. There certainly is a difference, that is, generally speaking. In the gambling house, the hazard of the die decides at once the profit or the loss; in the other more legitimate sources of gambling, superior intelligence, better calculation of chances, more accurate knowledge of the market, and many other points, all of which have been ascertained by greater application to, or clearer views on, the subject of speculation, are all called into action. Still, however, it is a distinction, without much difference.

To the parties occupied in the above description of gambling there is little temptation to proceed farther. The excitement under which their minds continually labour, from the time of their entering into a speculation until the result proves favourable or otherwise, is quite sufficient to satisfy the usual craving for gambling which has been implanted in the disposition of man. But there is another description of people whose natural bias has no such source of wholesome vent. We refer to the tradespeople, whose profits are more or less secure, and who rapidly, or otherwise as it may happen, accumulate an independence. Now, if we examine the cases of bankruptcy, we shall be

astonished to find how many of this class of people have latterly resorted to gambling houses, and have been reduced to beggary. This was not the case when the government lotteries were in existence. The price of a ticket was a large sum of money to venture, but still it was but a fixed sum abstracted from their yearly profits; they knew the extent of their loss, and, satisfied with the risk, they were content during the whole year to build upon the anticipation of a capital prize. If disappointed, they purchased for the ensuing year, with hopes of better success. But how is the case altered—now the *hells* are resorted to by those who cannot overcome the desire of speculation; they commence with a trifling stake, and, as is invariably the case, against such disproportionate odds, they end in bankruptcy. Viewing the case, then, as we before observed, in the light of not what ought to be, but what we are able to effect with human nature, the public lotteries may be said to have been to a degree preservers of the public morals, and their abolition an unwise measure, and attended with most injurious results. We think that they should be immediately re-established. They were productive of good, and they were productive of revenue, and surely there can be no more legitimate source of revenue than a tax upon folly. In another point of view, there is a strange inconsistency. Since the abolition of lotteries, as of a vicious tendency, the reduction of duty has increased the consumption of gin to an enormous extent. Witness the number of houses licensed, the splendour of their fittings up, and the incredible quantity consumed at some of the most frequented in the course of the twenty-four hours. The devil is a *spirit*, and if he now appears on earth, it is in the shape of *gin*, which is the greatest source of the present increase of crime and immorality. The *free trade* in *beer* has also extended its evil influence over the country. Every village has its three or four beer-houses to entice the idle and dissipated, and the whole day presents a scene of riot and intoxication, of drunken husbands, and wives using every entreaty to induce them to quit, and resume their work to support their famishing children. These houses being licensed by the Custom-houses, are out of the controul of the magistrate, who, doing his duty without remuneration, finds that he is opposed by government in his attempts to preserve order and sobriety. It would appear as if his Majesty's ministers, aware of the misery and distress of the country, had opened all these houses, that the people may drown their cares in constant intoxication.

"What are you thrashing that poor boy for?" said we to a sweep of some twelve years of age, who was laying it on thick upon one much younger. "Vy, 'cause he insulted me: he called me a *Tory*," was the reply of the "son of the clergy." "Vell," cried the other, still holding up his little fists in the attitude of defence, as the tears washed two white streaks down his sable cheeks, "he first called me a *Vig*, sir."

Mr. O'Connell calls the King's speech a "*bloody and brutal address*," an expression certainly containing more *force* than *elegance*. We must, however, make very great allowance for all the Irish members, for never has a country been more ill governed: yet we must acknowledge, that whether Ireland be well governed or ill governed, it will

not now make much difference. There are other causes of misery which she feels deeply, and govern her how you will, she still must be a land of suffering. She reminds us much of the poor soldier, who, when punished at the halberts, cried out continually to the drummer who was inflicting the punishment, "Strike high—strike low," shifting his directions every other lash. "Confound you," cried the drummer at last, "strike where I will, there is no *pleasing* you." It appears to us that a commutation of tithes, as far as possible, for *land*, would enable the government to relieve half the distress of Ireland. Without discussing in what manner the church revenue should be applied, we think that the possession of the bishops' and other lands will enable the government to improve the condition of the poor Irish. At present they are rack-rented by the middle-men to an excess, and it is a query whether this pernicious system has not been one great cause of the present determination not to pay tithes. When government take possession of the church lands, by apportioning them out at moderate rents to the Irish peasants, they will not only make them comfortable, but also do away with the system of rack-renting—nay more, the Irish will become grateful for the boon, and will look upon the English government as their best friends. This plan and poor laws appear to us to be the most judicious measures which can be adopted, and we make our ideas public to prove that, at all events, Ireland and its distresses have our warmest sympathy.

We have not yet made any observations upon the drama. Where is it? Fairly (or rather unfairly) kicked out by the "light fantastic toes," an alarming invasion of which from mercurial France has taken a firm *footing* on the English stage. "Any commands for the English company *this week*?" inquire Farren and others, and receiving an answer in the negative, quit the theatre to make room for the little army, who march in to rehearse for the corps de ballet. The fact is, that the regular drama is superseded. What the regular drama is, we are hardly prepared to say. A certain line is to be drawn between Madame Vestris's monkey, Mr. Marten's lions and tigers, at the lower end of the scale, and Kean and Macready, &c. at the other; but where that line is we have not been able to find out; nor, indeed, has the dramatic committee, which latterly sat at Westminster for a two hours' lounge, contributed to throw the least light upon the subject. But to the purpose—the theatrical world have been plunged into indescribable sensation by the promised wonders of the ballet. Laporte set the example at Covent Garden. He tried the experiment of *Massaniello*, which *horresco referens* was played as a first piece, on the classic boards of the legitimate drama. Complete success crowned the attempt. Charming! enchanting! excellent! were the exclamations uttered from every dangler at the Garrick club, as well as by almost every play-goer about town. Now observe what follows.

The rival house finding that the public were growing too refined and fastidious for the *humdrum* tragedy and comedy, and that the *march of intellect* required stronger food for the mind, immediately set about procuring as complete a collection of legs and feet, as was to be had for money. We humbly believe that every thing is to be had for

money, even *French dancers*. *Presto! presto!* Off starts the manager for Paris; no ambassador entrusted with the highest diplomatic mission ever excited more surprise and curiosity. At length he returns, laden with the rich spoils of his victory—*id est*, having secured the *valuable aid* of a French company of dancers at an immense expense. Duvernay was a goddess, Augusta a nymph, Ancellin a second Terpsichore. Paul was a *great dancer once upon a time*, &c. &c. The splendid ballet of the *Belle au bois Dormant* appears, and what follows? Some wiseacres feel indignant, and cry out shame! profanation! nay, a few zealous noodles hiss! Why this ridiculous mock attachment for the national drama? If it is a profanation, why not put in your *veto* when first attempted on Covent Garden? If you love the English drama, why did you not flock to old Drury, where its spirited management, having collected as efficient a company of actors as the times could afford, commenced the season with the standard dramas of the country? Kean, Macready, Farren, Dowton, Power, Mrs. Glover, and Miss Phillips played; tragedy, comedy, and farce were essayed to little purpose: novelty was also tried—a new tragedy and a new comedy were produced, the *House of Colberg* and *Men of Pleasure*. The former was applauded, and abandoned on the fourth night, because the public refused to see what they pretended to approve. The second excited from some gentlemen of the press as much indignation and bitterness as if the author had been guilty of a moral offence, a crime against the laws of the country. English opera was then resorted to, but with the same results. What was to be done? why, go abroad in search of attraction, since it was found impossible to please the public with the commodities of the country. It is idle to talk about the decline of the drama, when the public will not patronize it, and when the *theatrical world*, as it is called, join in one general chorus to cry down the most minute arrangements of the two patent theatres. We know not in his Majesty's dominions two gentlemen more worthy of compassion than Captain Polhill and Monsieur Laporte. Let them exert themselves—ruin themselves—squander away their time and money, and depend upon it, abuse is the kind return which they may expect from a grateful public, and more especially that portion of it which, strangely enough, are called *the theatrical world*, or *friends of the drama*.

We certainly are sorry to find the classic boards of old Drury and the Garden converted into mere vehicles for scenic effect, dancing and empty show; but still we contend that the lessees have an indisputable right to look after their own property, and deal in such articles as they conceive (wrongly perhaps) capable of averting impending ruin.

The ballet, *La Belle au bois Dormant*, is a most splendid affair; the French *artistes* declare it to be superior to any thing they have ever seen. Stanfield's panorama is a wonderful effort of art, and alone sufficient to justify a visit to old Drury. Duvernay, as a dancer, has not certainly come up to the expectations previously excited. She is a graceful and elegant dancer, but at a great distance from Taglioni, whose school she evidently follows. She is a handsome girl, her

pantomime good, and altogether deserving the applause she has elicited; but it would be unfair to transform her into a solitary star when she is attended by such accomplished *daneuses* as Augusta and Ancellin. It would be unjust to pass over without great praise Gilbert, who certainly carried the palm among the men, and who—although to please the public, who despise every thing not French, has put a Monsieur before his name—is an Englishman bred and born. But Drury Lane has lately put forth higher claims to the public approbation, by the production of Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, *Don Juan*, in a style quite unprecedented in this country. Great success has attended the experiment, but more must follow to indemnify Captain Polhill for his enormous expense.

The *King's Theatre*, after sundry delays and postponements, has at length opened its aristocratic doors to the *dilettanti*. We were agreeably surprised to find so numerous and fashionable an audience on the first night, and we immediately set this down as a favourable omen for the future prospects of the season. The attractions of the evening were Rossini's *Cenerentola*, and a new ballet, founded on the story of Doctor Faustus. The opera certainly, though one of the best works of the composer, and quite a model of an opera buffa, has been so hackneyed, that unless a man be under the influence of a musical monomania, we apprehend it has now become any thing but attractive. On the other hand, the fame of the new singer, Boccadati, was not of a nature to excite much interest and curiosity. She acquitted herself, however, most respectably. Her voice is rather thin, and somewhat *passée*, but her style is good; the whole of the opera, with the exception of the *two sisters*, vilely performed by some nameless superfluities, was very creditably gone through. Donzelli was in excellent voice, and De Begnis was very efficient in her Magnifico. Galli did not, perhaps, come up to our *beau idéal* of Dandini, but then the recollection of Tamburini, created certainly an unpleasant influence against him.

The great attraction of the evening was the ballet, for, as we have already intimated, dancing is now to be the order of the day. We think this novelty would have produced a greater effect by a reasonable delay in its production: there was an air of abruptness in the *getting up*, that most assuredly marred the gratification of the spectators. Only imagine a ballet, that did not finish until about half-past two in the morning! Then, the intervals between the acts were positively cruel. But what has this to do with the ballet?—a great deal, for it put a great portion of the audience out of humour, and consequently debarred them from experiencing all the pleasure which they would have otherwise enjoyed. The former portion of *Faust* is unique, for scenic effect; the immense staircase, and the review of his Satanic majesty's forces is a spectacle so singular, strange, and picturesque, that we have never seen any thing of the kind on the stage before. It is copied from the celebrated piece of *La Tentation*. We think, however, that the ballet might be curtailed with advantage. Among the dancers this year, we have the old favourites, Albert, Coulon, and Perrot—Montessu, and Pauline Leroux—they were all welcomed with strong marks of public favour, especially Perrot,

whom we have no hesitation in pronouncing, the first male dancer in Europe. We know not whether his lower extremities are made of *Indian-rubber*, but things have been believed before now, with less reasonable bearing of truth. The list of engagements for the Opera this season is excellent. The tact and activity of Laporte are well known, and we expect that the season will be brilliant and successful.

But we must return to the stage of real life, where every fool struts his hour, and may easily be deciphered by his peculiarities, as for instance—A political economist may be known by the following symptoms. He is dogmatical in his doctrine, absolute in the wave of his hand. When he entereth a room, he taketh the arm-chair as if he filled it by right divine, though no one divineth the right. He is quick in contradiction, slow in utterance, measuring out his words as if they were inappreciable. His writings are incomprehensible, because he writes diffusely, and confuseth himself. He is a bundle of contradictions, bound up with prejudice, as with a rope. An advocate for freedom in every thing, but differing from his own opinion. He wondereth why operatives are so wilful as to starve, when French silks are so cheap, and his salary is duly paid. In his own opinion, he is a diamond of the first water; but in ours an ass of the largest growth. We received a valentine on the 14th of February last, requesting that it might be forwarded to Mr. Poulett Thomson. Aware that this gentleman has not time to read all the letters he receives, we insert it that it may catch his eye.

Widow Woof, of Penury Alley, Famine Lane, Spitalfields, her Valentine, sent to Poulett Thomson, Esq., this 14th day of February.

TO POULETT THOMSON, ESQ.

O! I'm a jolly widow now,

My husband's corpse is in the room.

As o'er his work he stoop'd his brow,

He groan'd and died upon his loom.

'Twas there he liv'd—'twas there he died!

And, as this glorious work was thine,

And I again may be a bride,

Thou art, by right, my Valentine.

My eldest son is drooping where

His father droop'd, and found his death—

My wailing children sickly are—

May God soon stifle their faint breath!

From children and from husband free,

In gauds I'll prank me out full fine;

And, since I owe all this to thee,

Thou, Poulett, art my Valentine.

Out, out! you imp!—God's holy Son!—

And have I struck my hungry child!—

My sickliest, youngest, dearest one!

With misery I'm growing wild.

Hush thee, my babe! hush thee, my dear!

My broken heart beats to thy whine—

My *free trade* lover, haste thee here,

Or dead thou'lt find thy Valentine!

We have received the following letter from a Greenwich out-pensioner, who states his name to be Ramsbottom, and that he is a relation of the lady who cut such a figure in the John Bull. He proposes to let us more into his history by-and-bye.

Mr. Editor ;

Like the goddess Venus, I am extra parokial in my birth, as I first sea lite at see one dark nite in the Bay of Biskey, lat. 45° 12' nor., long. 5° 16' 32" wes from Lunnun. I was suckeld at Brest, and larnt redin and ritin off my old granmother, who kep a smal skool at Wapping, where I got many a good wapping myself. Ask for speling I never *cood do it*, for a spel seamd to hang over me; and in regard of somes, I was cast down, wenever I tried to cast up.

As soon as I was old anuf I run away from my granmother, and tuk a trip to Newcassle in the Lillywite, a wether beten old colier; but I had to walk all the way back, askin charity off every body I met, who told me if ide go and throw myself on my parish I shoold get releaf directly—wich was a tail, alass, too true! Wen my granmother first see me she tuk me for a sperret; but as soon as she found I was nothink but flesh and blud (and rite litel of that) she set too and lickd me with her Cain as long as she was Abel. I found she had dun skool and tuk to sowin, from wich she reapd verry litel arvest. We livd prety cumfortable for some time, tho I was allways anchorin after the sea, and got menny a good box on the ear for swimin my spoon in my tea, or sailin my new hat on the duk pond.

As war soon after broke out in Amerryca, I determined to go and defend my country in forren parts, and aplied for a birth aboard the Charity, tho not first rate. The captin said he liked my looks, and ast me if I cood stand fire, to wich I said I cood, upon wich he apointed me Cook's asistant, and told me to mind and not capsize the buter boat. As I had no objekshuns to lern navygashon in all its branshes, in case of being cast upon a disolute iland, and hopin to have a opertunity of signalising myself wen we come among the niggers, I made no words, but said I wood go round the world with Cook; tho, to confes the truth, if it had bean left to me, I shoold never have chose pothooks in preferance to hangers. Nothink partickler ocured during the pasage xept one day Cook skalded his foot verry bad, by puting his petty toes splash into a sauspan of bilin water. Wen we come to Amerryca, in cours I was very much sirprized; indeed it was quite a New World to me, and so larg that Great briton is quite smal in comparryson. The niggers are funy chaps, and offen set me a niggerin agen my wil. As for the happyoriginals, as the captin caled em, we never got near anuf; but I see an old sailer as had bean took prisoner fourteen ears among the fetherd tribes, and he says they are sad skiny chaps to look at, as they allways Hide their nakednes with the skins of wild hanimals.

But I am not goin to rite the hole of my boyography, with all the partickler events as they ocured eventually throw my life, tho I cood fil a hole log book with adventurs such as noboddy wood beleave to be in a mariners compas. I shal say nothink of the strang countrys I have seen, where the fish are coverd with fethers the same as birds

are hear, and fli wislin about, and roost in branshes of tres made of stone, all groin under water. Nor I shant menshun the six old mer maids as I see one afternoon drinkin tea off china, sweatened with moist sugar; nor the birds of Paradice flighin about a desert iland in the Sow sea, and the too naked figgers in the same place, wich I suppose was A-dam and Heave. Nayther shal I so much as hint about the wonders I see in the Nor, where evry day in the weak is six month long, and sunshine all the wile, wich I use to think it was nothink but moonshine. But I carnt help notising one thing, wich is that among all the strang and savage nashons I have seen, not one of em speaks inglish, but all frensh. Allso about the Antipperdese, wich I doant beleave there is no such peple; for wen I was at Lunnun they told me they was in New Zeland, and wen I was in New Zeland they told me they was in England. Allso in Chines Tartory they said they was in Pattygony, and wen I ast about em in Pattygony they told me they was in Chines Tartory. So that I am come to this conclushon, I doant beleave they arnt no where at all. I shant menshon likewise the vast number of pickle herrins I have seen swimin about, so thick as to make shole water in the deepest parts of the oshun. Nor furthermore, of Wales, both North and South, with bones so long and so thik as wood do to put in the stays of a ship: nor what I observd in Greenland where evry think is quite wite; nor in the Wite sea, wich is quite green. Allso the same of all unnatural fenominos, such as water spouts, red sno, flighin Duchmen, wich our captin allways said was nothing but sperrets and water; in addition to wich I have offen ear speak of an iland off our own coast where the arms of the nativs is nothink but legs.

I shall now beg leaf to give my genteel reder a set down in the midel of the Paysifick oshun, in the year anno dommino 79. Evry body must remember the takein of the seven gunboats off Dominnica, in wich I first signalisd myself, being then cockswain on bord the George, a 74, wich I had enterd in 75. Soon after this, as we was crewsin off the coast of Amerryca, we fel in with a frensh line a batel, to wich we gev chase, and had a verry long run. We several times like to Mist her on acount of the Fog; dublin Cape Horn, on wich old god Holeass was blowing with all his mite; and runing out into the Paysifick determind for bloody war. At last she brought too, and showd us her teeth; upon wich we returnd the complement, and gave her a taste of our guns, wich, as we fit for fredom, we loded with chain shot. The fire was hot, as is usualy the case when you are too nere, and numbers of the enemy was seen lyin ded in their shrouds, wile menny of our own men was obligd to lay down their harms, rite and left, and others hadent a leg to stand on. We was now yard harm and yard harm, broadsite to broadsite, no quarters bein given; but, tho both kep fitin like devls, nayther of us seamd inclind to strike. Our stud sales stud a verry litel wile, and our stay sales dident stay much longer. In fact, all our sales were under distres of rents; our main top was flotin on the top of the main, and our missen mast was missen soon after. But there was one consolashon in all our trubble—the ennemy was wors off then us. Graplin hiurns was now fixt by both partys, and no sooner was the links aplyed to the vesels then they

was discoverd to be on fire. Our force at this time was verry weak, not being above forty strong, and the guns so verry warm in the caus that they wood no longer wait for the word of comand, but went off afore they was pinte. Our prospecs at this moment was sublime in the exstream, the smoke being so thik that you coodent see your hand before you, and I only wish that Mister Stand feald (if he cud Stand fire) had been there with his paint cans &c, to make a drawn batel of it, or mister Dibdin to rite a song about it, afore that took place which I am going to relate.

Whiz—fiz—whack—crack—bang—whang—flash—crash—splash—dash! This is the only idear I can giv you of the seen that folowd, wich was the too ships blowin one another up ski hi, and leavin only me and another chap, quite non cumpas, without any binicle to steer by, or any vesel to steer. I soon found my companion was Frensh bilt, and acordin I haild him in his own langwidge, wich provd after to be a terrible oth, upon which mountseer lookd as bitter as Gaul, and returnd my bad langwidge in verry good English. This I considerd as a signal for acshun, and tho I wood wilingly have pleded a prior ingagement, I cood not submit to have it gave out that I had gave in: so, pickin up a spar, a larg colecshon of wich was lying round, and the ennemy doin the same, we set too spar in as hard as we cood. Mountseer had the best of it at first, as he was in a bigger pashun than me, but as soon as he fech me a good nock on the hed, my blud was up direckly; upon wich I imediatey gave him a nock over, wich soon made him nock under. I forgot to say how we kep aflote all this time, wich was threw part of the George rex, my messmate having got hold of a companion, and me being mounted on the top of a wale. I had no sooner securd my prisener by tighing his hands behind him, than I didnt no what to do with him; but as fate wood have it, a vesel just then hove in site, wich provd to be English, takein in water at June Ferdinando, and having herd reports of our ingagement, come out to asist us. In cours, they soon tuk us on bord, and furnished us with grog and fresh rigin, being both verry wet and verry dri.

My reder, I dar say, is perty wel tird by this—if he arnt I am, and consequenshaly shal put off the futur for the present: hoping, in remembrance of my poor old granmother, he will xcuse my bad English and worse Polish. If he wants to no more, I beg leaf to say I now keep the Bear at Greenwich; where, if he will do me the honer to cum, I hope he wil not fal out with my Bruin.
